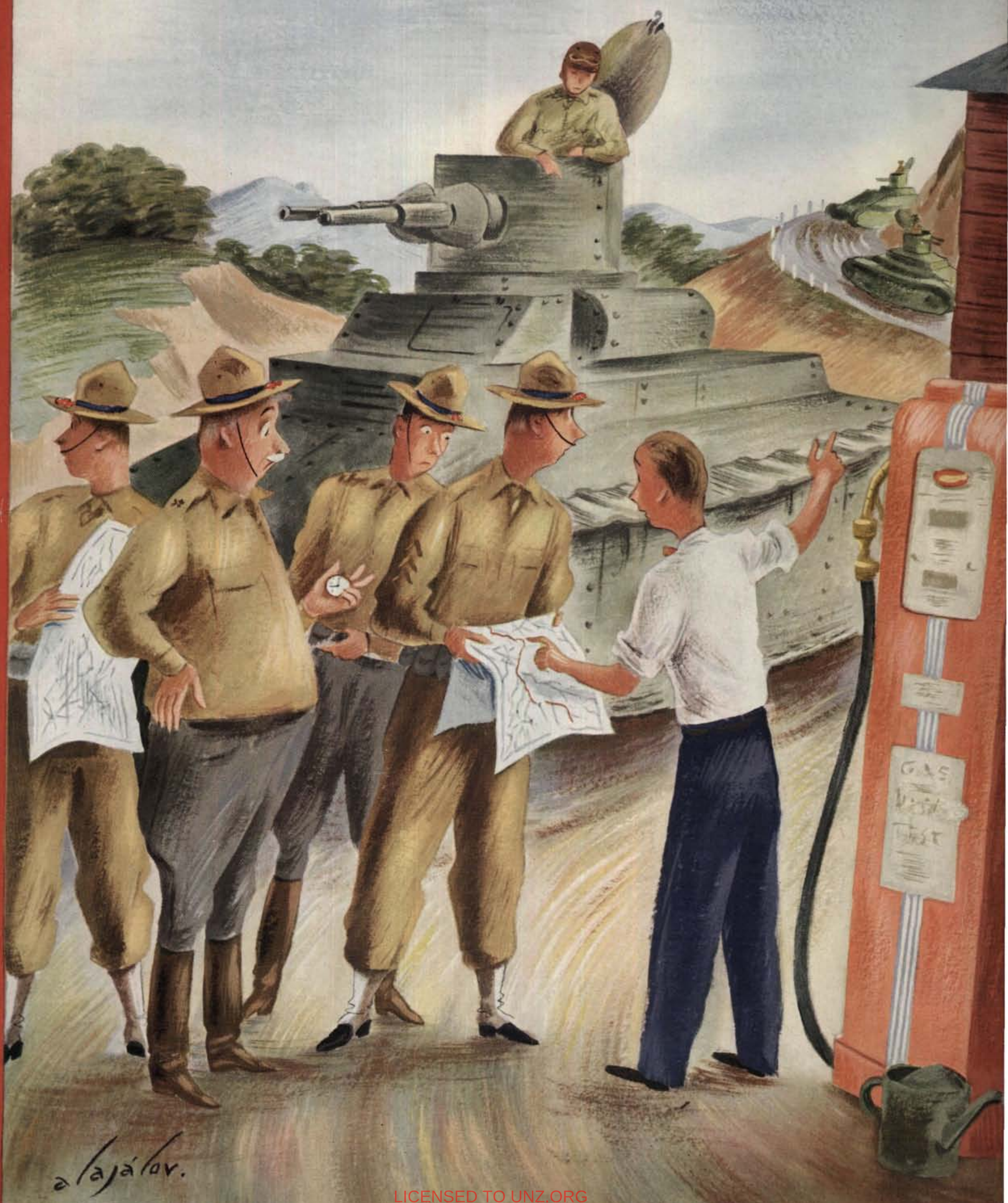
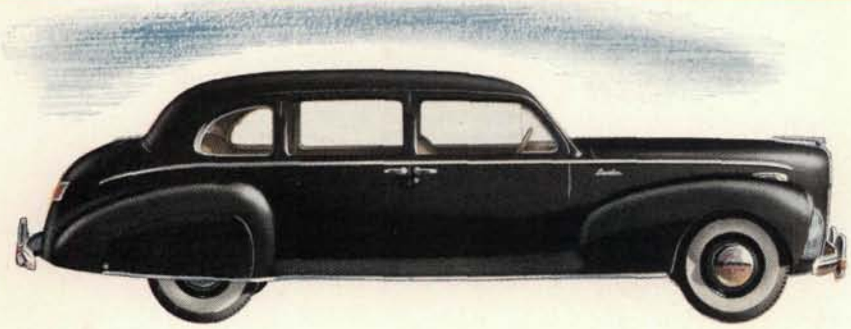
★ Sept. 28, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

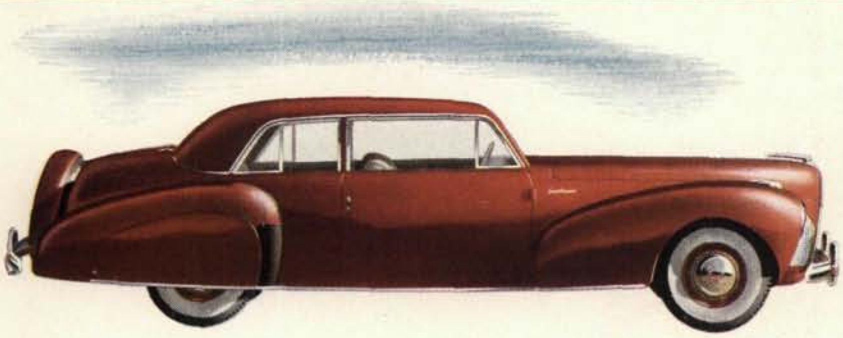


Announcing New Lincoln Cars for 1941



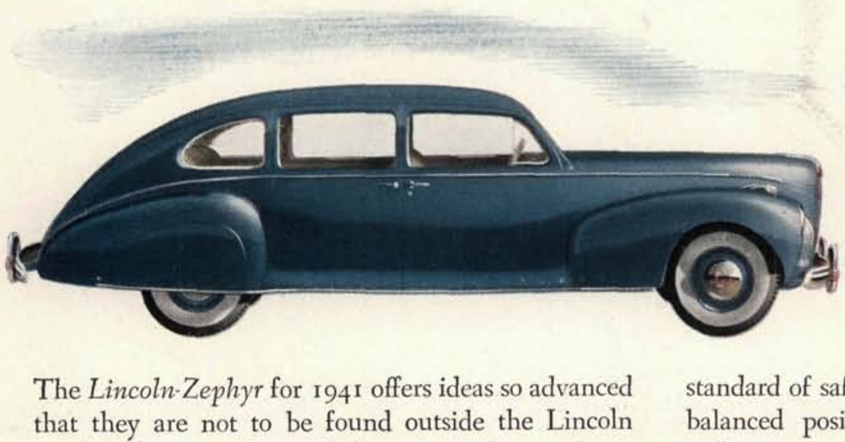
LINCOLN *Custom*

Today a new car appears. It is the *Lincoln Custom,* proudly presented by a builder whose cars for years have stood as the ultimate in automotive engineering. . . . With 138-inch wheelbase, the *Lincoln Custom* carries eight people in comfort. Power is supplied by the famous Lincoln-built V-12 engine. Modern streamlining draws inspiration from the Style Leader, the Lincoln-Zephyr. Interiors are supreme examples of the custom-builder's art. Striking innovations in appointments. Two body types, Sedan and Limousine.



LINCOLN *Continental*

Every line of this new car, every move it makes, tells of far places and ease of reaching them. The *Lincoln Continental* is true to a great heritage. It blends Lincoln precision and care with Lincoln-Zephyr design leadership. It is three inches lower, seven inches longer than the Lincoln-Zephyr. The powerful twelve-cylinder engine, Lincoln-built, is specially finished – polished like a jewel. Every appointment is in keeping with so outstanding a car. Body types are the Cabriolet, an automatic convertible, and the Coupe.



LINCOLN *Zephyr V-12*

The *Lincoln-Zephyr* for 1941 offers ideas so advanced that they are not to be found outside the Lincoln family. The sparkling, thrifty 12-cylinder engine is the only one in the medium-price field. The famous unit-body-and-frame, in all closed types, sets a new standard of safety. Curb-level entrance, the centrally balanced position of passengers, chair-high seats, and a new, even smoother, floating ride provide a gentler way to travel. Four handsome body types – Sedan, Coupe, Club Coupe and Convertible Coupe.

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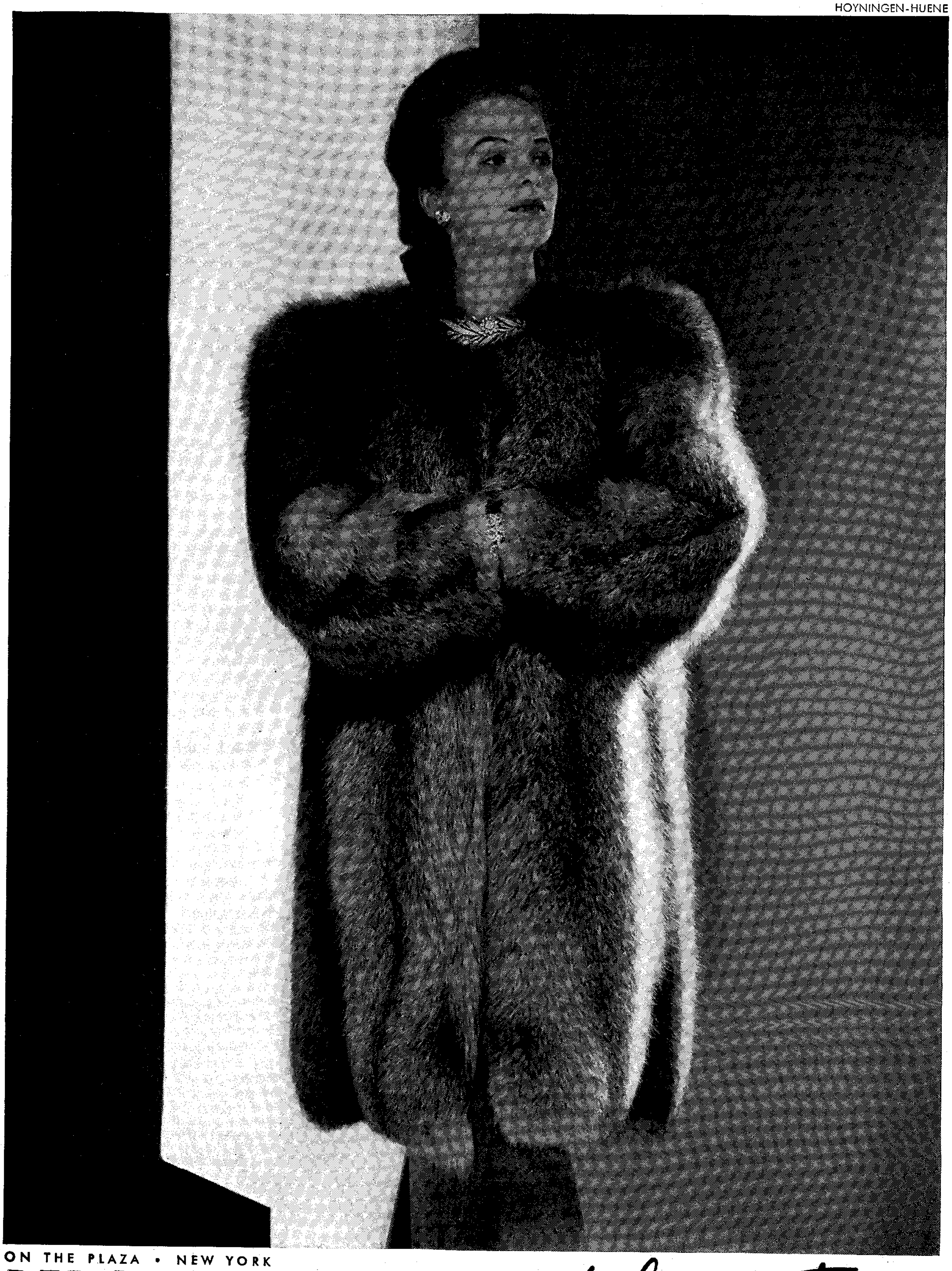

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Be beautiful in Blue Fox.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

KIND LADY—Grace George is just as good as she ever was in this revival of a grand, eerie English melodrama. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A rather malicious and extremely witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT—Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given it a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Wed., Oct. 2, for the Actors' Fund.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—William Saroyan's play about the strange people who happen into a honky-tonk on the San Francisco waterfront. Very eloquent and funny when the author isn't being too rhapsodic about life. Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon head the cast. Winner of last season's Drama Critics Award and Pulitzer Prize. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Oct. 5.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—A great big glittering bawdy show, *with Bert Lahr and Cole Porter music.* Starting Mon., Sept. 30, Gypsy Rose Lee will take the part created by Ethel Merman and recently filled by Betty Allen. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Nice rough-and-tumble assortment of vaudeville acts, insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Lyric Opera Company, an American group, will present "The Gondoliers," Mon. through Wed., Sept. 30-Oct. 2, and "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 3-5. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER—Ed Wynn, the De Marcos, and Jane Pickens in a new revue produced and partly written by Mr. Wynn. Opens Tues., Oct. 1. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Oct. 2, and Sat.)

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM—A new play by Maxwell Anderson, staged by Elmer Rice and produced by th Playwrights' Company. Opens Sat., Oct. 5. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

SIM SALA BIM—A sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LABOR STAGE—A big pageant and concert, with some thousand people participating: Sat. Aft. and Eve., Oct. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 50. For tickets, call WA 9-6868.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has an agreeable under-the-greenwood air all the same. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra is in the comfortable Bowman Room.

CAFÉ PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Something, and a very good thing, that Felix Ferry thought up not so long ago. Mili Monti sings and Bob Knight's orchestra plays at the supper hour.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A nice, small retreat, with the Tisdale Trio and Val Ernie's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—This has just reopened, with Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Starting another season on Tues., Oct. 1, with Ted Straeter's orchestra and a rumba band. Must dress.

LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—A big, gay place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A pleasant spot to spend a leisurely evening dancing, or just listening, to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A sextet plays for dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Radio City's aerial nook has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a show, with those two young pianists, Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, will be on the Roof until it closes on Sat., Sept. 28. Must dress if you want to dance. . . . The formal Iridium Room will reopen with a benefit on Wed., Oct. 2. Saunders' orchestra is staying on and there will be a new show.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing at the supper hour, and Emile Petti's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dancing, alternating with Mischa Borr's at the supper hour.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy has added Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen to her list of entertainers. No dancing. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **PAGO PAGO CLUB,** 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): a new tropical one, in the old but very *much done-over American Music Hall.* . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra (through Sat., Oct. 5) and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with Eddie LeBaron's band and South American entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's Trio, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Spirits of Rhythm.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at

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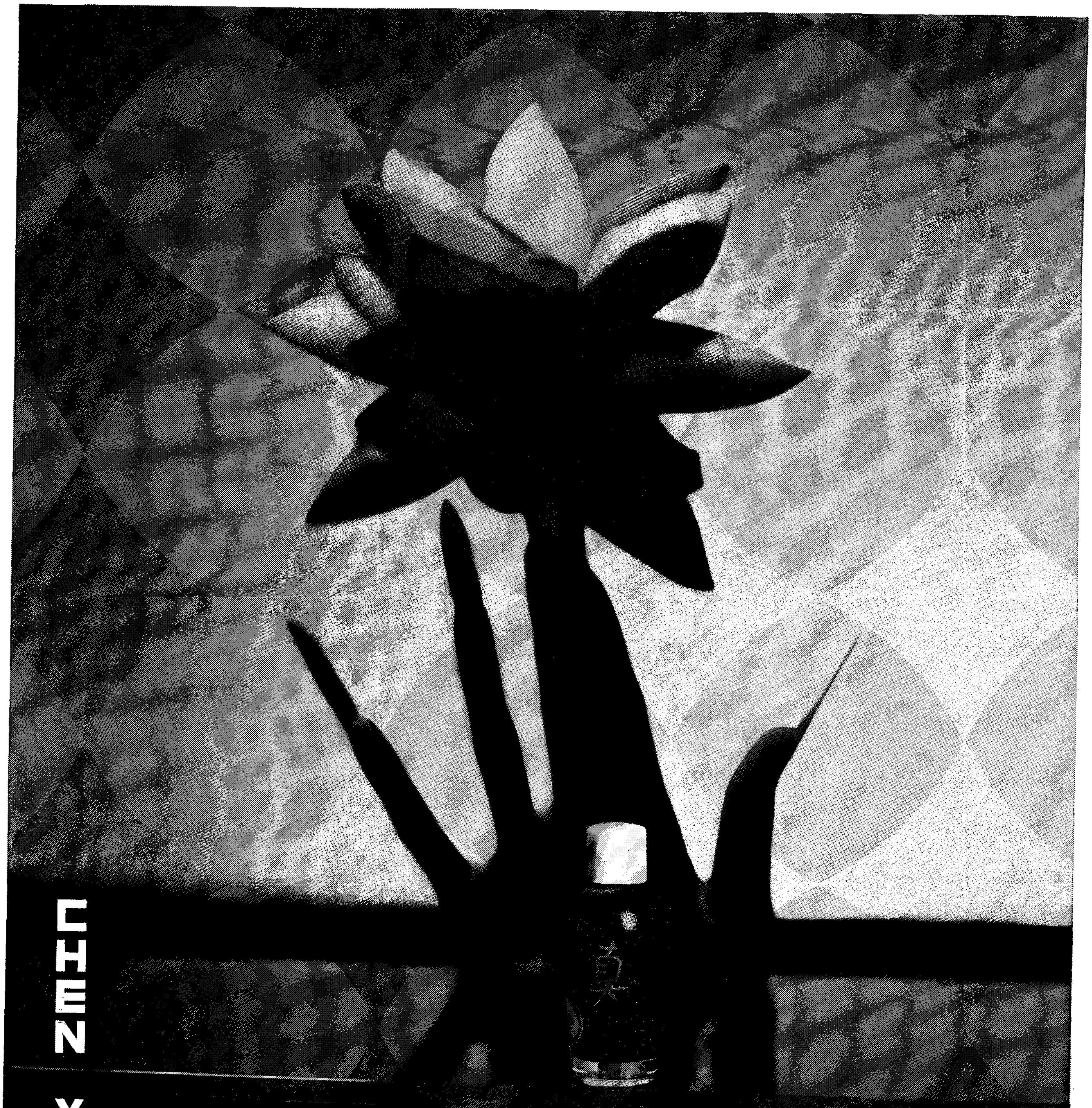

CHEN YU NAIL LACQUER

Translated from the Chinese

Remember . . . at the Museum . . . that breath-taking Chinese lacquer—5000 years old . . . ? Now—first and alone at Saks Fifth Avenue—that lacquering...borrowed for an amazing new nail make-up! Like its ancient predecessor...*won't crack or peel...protects*...remains *eternally lustrous.* CHIP-PROOF, fourteen exotic shades...in miniature Chinese vases. Ask for CHEN YU nail lacquer, 75c...Street Floor

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York...Chicago...
Beverly Hills...Detroit

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Joe Reichman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra, through Fri., Sept. 27; Joe Venuti's orchestra, Sat. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 2; Gene Krupa's orchestra, starting Thurs., Oct. 3. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Jerry Livingston's orchestra. Fill-in band Mon. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Glen Gray's orchestra, through Sun., Sept. 29; Jan Savitt's orchestra, starting Wed., Oct. 2. Closed Mon.; fill-in band Tues. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown Heights 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Buchwald—First showing of oils and gouaches, loosely painted at times but unfailingly vigorous in conception; also, selected works by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, and others: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

Catlin—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

De Creeft—Eight sculptures, all good and two or three of them very good, by this mingler of modernism and the archaic; also, a well-chosen group by foreign and native painters: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 4.

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: an exhibition of Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Groups—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: tenth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures by An American Group, showing how far, both in craftsmanship and maturity of feeling, this always exciting organization has come. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . WALKER, 108 E. 57: an agreeable collection of Americans, early and modern. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE (formerly the Neumann-Willard Gallery), 543 Madison, at 55: modern paintings by Chagall, Klee, Orozco, Rouault, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

Here and There—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, and other early Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 12. . . . HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: exhibition of cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings of horses by Richard L. Hubbard. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: group show of portraits by Maurice Becker, Ben-Zion, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6, and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 14. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: tenth annual preseason exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: contemporary European paintings and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

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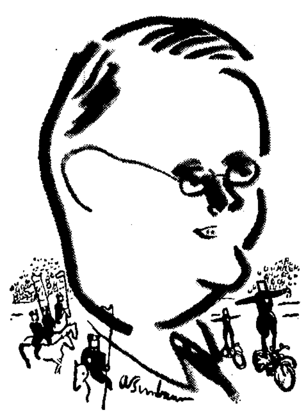


JOHN HANNA MORRIS,

Sixth Deputy Commissioner of Police, in charge of the Juvenile Aid Bureau. As president of the Police Athletic League, he is directing the fourth annual Police Show at Madison Square Garden this week. The proceeds support play centres and a summer camp for the city's poor children. Before he got on the cops, Commissioner Morris graduated from Harvard, stage-managed a little theatre, and was assistant headmaster of a boys' school.

MUSIC

Helen Traubel—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 8:30. (BR 9-9447.)

Opera—The New York La Scala Opera Association, under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi, presenting "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Sept. 28, and "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Oct. 5; at 8:30: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700).

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 26 (doubleheader), at 1:45; Fri. Aft., Sept. 27, at 3:15. Giants vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun. Afts., Sept. 28-29, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 26 (doubleheader), at 1:30.

Boxing—Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: Max Baer vs. Pat Comiskey, heavyweights, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 26; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Madison Square Garden: Henry Armstrong vs. Fritzie Zivic, for the welterweight title, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Dog Shows—Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sat., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, Sun., Sept. 29, at 9 A.M.

Football—On SAT. AFT., SEPT. 28: N.Y.U. vs. Penn. Military College, Ohio Field, at 2; Manhattan vs. St. Bonaventure, Triborough Stadium, at 2:30; Navy vs. William and Mary, Annapolis, at 2:30.

FRI. EVE., OCT. 4: Manhattan vs. George Washington, Polo Grounds, at 8:30.

SAT. AFT., OCT. 5: Columbia vs. Maine, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. West Virginia, Triborough Stadium, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Lafayette, Ohio Field, at 2; Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, at 2; Yale vs. Virginia, New Haven, at 2; Princeton vs. Vanderbilt, Princeton, at 2:30.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for Annapolis, from Penn. Station, 10:30 A.M.; for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Station, 12:40 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 8:30.

Golf—Women's tri-county open championship, Century C.C., White Plains, daily through Sat., Sept. 28. . . . Sam Snead vs. Byron Nelson, exhibition match, Bethpage, L.I., Sun. Aft., Sept. 29. . . . Invitation tournament, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 28-29.

Horse Shows—Bryn Mawr, Pa., Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 26-27, at 9:30 A.M.; and Sat., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M. . . . Montclair, N.J., Fri., Sept. 27, at 9 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M. . . . Brookville, L.I., Sun., Sept. 29, at 9 A.M. . . . Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Wed., Oct. 2, at 10:30 A.M.; Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 3 and 5, at 9 A.M.; and Fri., Oct. 4, at 9:30 A.M.

Hunt Races—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sat., Sept. 28, at 11:30 A.M. . . . Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club, Jenkintown, Pa., Sat., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M.

Polo—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30. . . . Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: exhibition match, Sun. Aft., Sept. 29, at 3.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Oct. 5. Jerome Handicap, Sept. 26; The Futurity, Sept. 28; Ladies' Handicap, Oct. 1; Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 4; New York Handicap and Champagne Stakes, Oct. 5. (Special trains leave Penn. Station at frequent intervals between 12:05 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:20 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Skeet—North American championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 5-6, at 9 A.M.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, weekdays at 8:40 P.M., weather permitting, through Sat., Oct. 5. (Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. on racing days.)

Yachting—Echo Bay Y.C., championship race on the Sound, Sat. Aft., Sept. 28, at 1:45.

OTHER EVENTS

Mineola Fair—The farming and gardening achievements of rural Long Islanders: Fair Grounds, Mineola, daily through Sat., Sept. 28, 8 A.M. to 12 midnight (trotting and pacing races, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 26-27, at 1:30 P.M.; midget auto races, Sat., Sept. 28, at 1 P.M.).

Benefit—The "Help England Ball," sponsored by the Allied Relief Fund, with entertainment by the Hartmans, Martha Raye, and others: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 3, at 10.

Arms and Armor—An exhibition of pieces from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries, part of the

American Fashions in the best French tradition

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

Metropolitan Museum's permanent collection: The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Ft. Washington Ave. at 193. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Police Show—The Police Department's annual effort to dramatize its work: Madison Square Garden, daily through Sat., Sept. 28, at 8:15 P.M.; Mat. Sat., Sept. 28, at 2:30.

Theatre Exhibition—Costumes, stage models, playbills and posters used by the Neighborhood Playhouse from its Grand Street days up to the present: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50; weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French, Italian, and Spanish furniture and Chinese art, owned by the late Colonel Henry H. Rogers, Mrs. Charles Draper, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Sept. 26-28, at 2.... American and English furniture, silver, hooked rugs, glass, and prints, belonging to Frederick S. Fish, *the estate of the late Harry W. Anderson*, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Oct. 3-5, at 2.

ON THE AIR

Lily Pons—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Sept. 29, at 9, WEAF.

Boxing—Henry Armstrong vs. Fritzie Zivic: Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 10, WJZ.

Symphony Orchestras—N.B.C. Summer Symphony, Defauw conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ.... Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC.... Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.... Joe Venuti, Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WOR.... Eddy Duchin, Sat. Eves. at 9:45, WABC.... Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC.... Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC.... Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF.... George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ.... "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ.... Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF.... Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF.... Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC.... Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ.... Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR.... Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

All This, and Heaven Too—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in Rachel Field's story of a famous murder case that once had Paris by the ears. A long yet effective and dramatic film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Mon., Sept. 30. ... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 28-30.)

The Baker's Wife—French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Boom Town—A big all-star Western of the old school. Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy are among the celebrities kept busy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Oct. 2.)

The Earl of Chicago—A curious Robert Montgomery item that has a sort of gloomy interest. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 3-4.)

Feldzug in Polen—Germany at its nastiest, in a typical propaganda film that has attracted a good deal of attention. (96th Street, 3 Ave. at 96.)

Foreign Correspondent—Alfred Hitchcock's thriller of the European war, with transatlantic planes, blackouts, spies, and so on. With Joel McCrea and a great deal of excitement. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Ghost Breakers—Comic and scary, with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard—one that will remind you of "The Cat and the Canary." Lively. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 26.)

Gone with the Wind—It has its moments. With Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

The Great McGinty—Muriel Angelus and Brian Donlevy see that you get your money's worth in this tale of a political grafter. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 30.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 1-5.)

I Love You Again—William Powell as a confidence man who wakes up after a lengthy bout of amnesia to discover that he has married Myrna Loy and become an Elk. One of the season's best, so far. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 30.... State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 2.)

Our Town—Thornton Wilder's play of New Hampshire life, beautifully directed for the screen by Sam Wood ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips"), with Frank Craven in his stage rôle of interpreter of events. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Sept. 27. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Sept. 28. ... Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Pastor Hall—German gentlefolk and the tragedy that followed the emergence of Hitler among them. With Nova Pilbeam, Seymour Hicks, Wilfrid Lawson, and a general air of sombre distinction. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Pride and Prejudice—A good-humored, literate adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through *Mon., Sept. 30.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington* at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 27-29.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 27-30.)

Queen of Destiny—A rich Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," with Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as her consort. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 29-30.)

Rebecca—The moody, grim novel conscientiously directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock. With Judith Anderson, Joan Fontaine, and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Return of Frank James—Even if you're not a *horse-opera fan, you'll like this one. Henry Fonda* plays Frank James, and there's a funny courtroom sequence. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sun., Sept. 29.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 28-30.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 2-4.)

Susan and God—Joan Crawford and Fredric March in Rachel Crothers' lively satire on the upper-crust lady who gets religion. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 28-30.)

When the Daltons Rode—A quick-on-the-trigger film about the notorious Kansas outlaws. With Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Sept. 27.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Sept. 28.... Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Note—"Gateways to Panama," a new March of Time short with unusually effective shots of Devil's Island, is being shown at the following theatres: R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 1-2.

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French. with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 2-4.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—The Sherwood play. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Sept. 27.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 1-2.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Sept. 29.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 3-4.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 1-3.)

On the Avenue (1937)—Rich girl marries poor actor. Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, Dick Powell, and Irving Berlin music. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 29-30.)

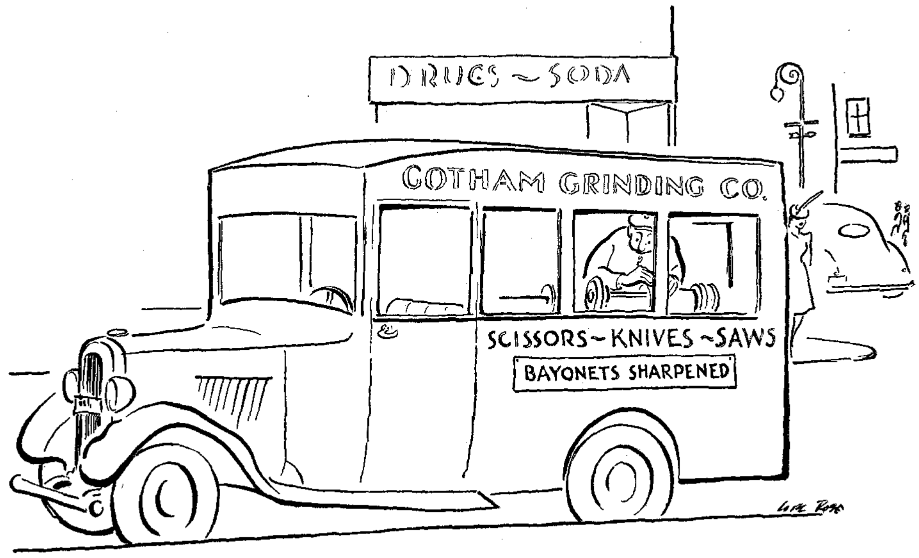
The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon and the French Revolution. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 3-4.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 2-4.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Sept. 30.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is *showing the following comedies weekdays at 4* P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Thurs., Sept. 26. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Fri., Sept. 27. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Sat., Sept. 28. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Sun., Sept. 29. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Mon., Sept. 30. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Tues., Oct. 1. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with James Cagney and Joan Blondell, Wed., Oct. 2. "The General," *with* Buster Keaton, Thurs., Oct. 3. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Fri., Oct. 4. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Sat., Oct. 5.



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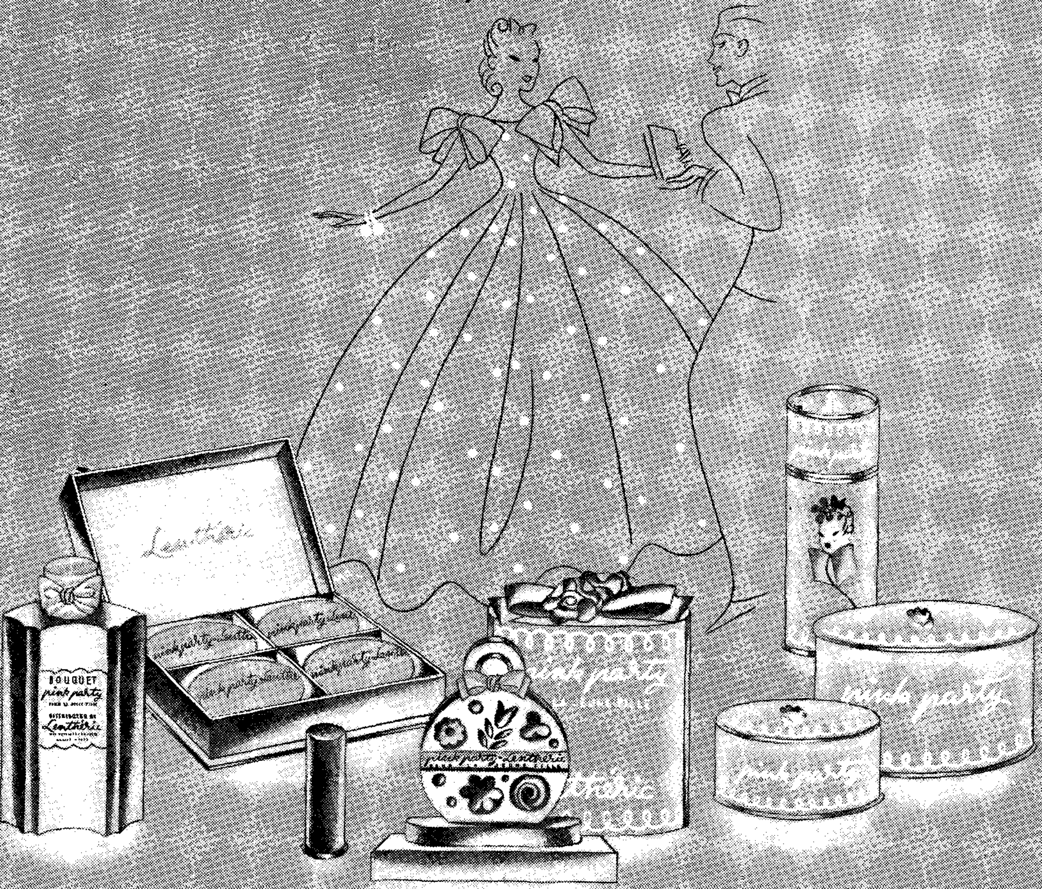

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded.... The Fair will close for good on Sun., Oct. 27.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. ... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show too. Some tractors parade in a field outside and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

Gardens on Parade (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Better tackle the Futurama on a rainy day. It's practically impossible to squeeze in when the Fair's crowded. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Another exhibit that frequently has a long waiting line. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—About 400 canvases, representing all schools from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, in a show that may not be quite as brilliant as last year's but still is good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," put on daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," a 30-minute show of model trains scooting here and there, is presented continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

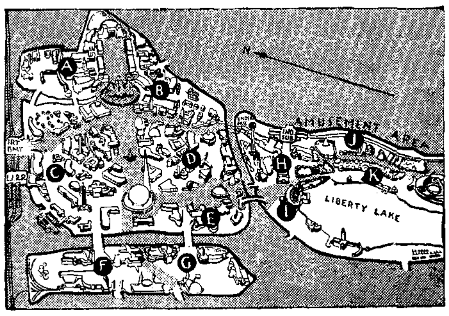
World of Fashion (D)—A bright array of feminine fashions. A show in which models display the latest gowns is presented daily, except Mon., at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art.... **AVIATION** (G): transport and fighting planes, among them the Army's Curtiss P-40, a camouflaged pursuit ship which is supposed to be able to do 400 miles an hour.... **BORDEN'S** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor. ... **CHRYSLER** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. ... **DU PONT** (D): demonstrations of how nylon and other synthetic wonders have come out of a test tube.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): a New York street before the town was wired for light.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days.... **FIRESTONE** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth.... **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. ... **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office.... **KODAK** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once.... **PETROLEUM** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing.... **R.C.A.** (C): the situation in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp's hundredth birthday.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): *a drop of* water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.

●

Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the attractive ones are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own patriotic pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose's great big water spectacle, with Eleanor Holm, Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

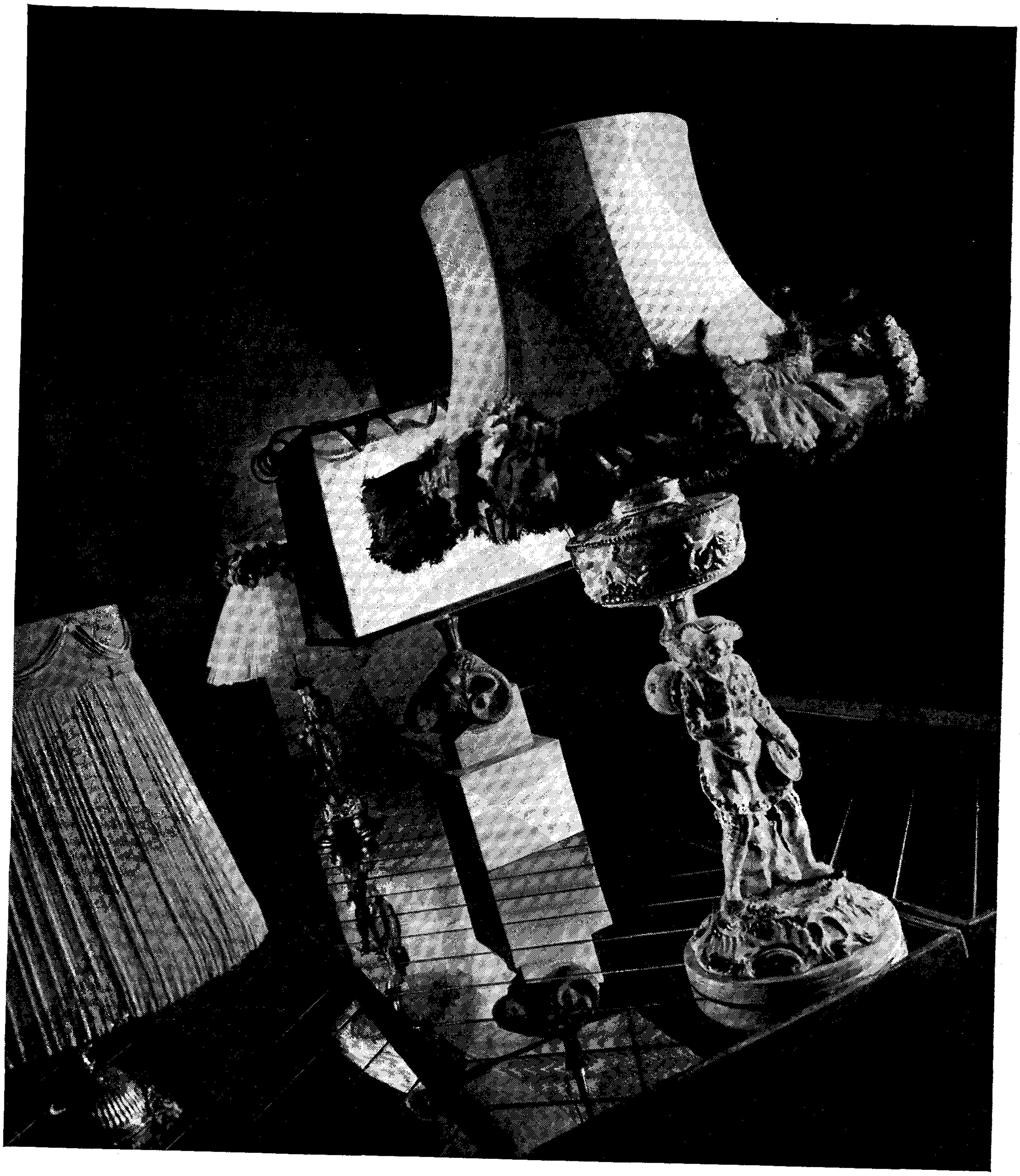
Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): the customers around a large and generally crowded bar are prodded into dubious harmonizing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk.... **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a skate-and-ski show; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): the dean of the Fair restaurants, with sturdy food and an outdoor bar.... **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): the fountain show seems to be put on especially for diners on this awninged terrace.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): there's real Brazilian music here at the dinner hour.... **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant is still open.... **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): a bar, a soda fountain, and a friendly little café.... **HEINEKEN'S** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from the veranda.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): tables in the garden for patrons of the goulash bar, and an attractive restaurant upstairs for real dining. ... **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here.... **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in a pavilion as gay as a circus tent.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*.... **PABST** (K): a beer garden with a lakeside setting and maple trees twinkling with lights. ... **POLISH BUILDING** (A): they still cook Polish, and that's what matters.... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): one takes a motorboat to the Florida Building to sample Tampa's best.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): habit-forming Chinese food in a lively and gaudy setting. ... **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in the large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby.... **SWISS BUILDING** (A): cheerful and restful, whether you look up from the garden or down from the terrace.... **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the screened lakeside veranda is an oasis of tranquillity in the amusement area from teatime on.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).



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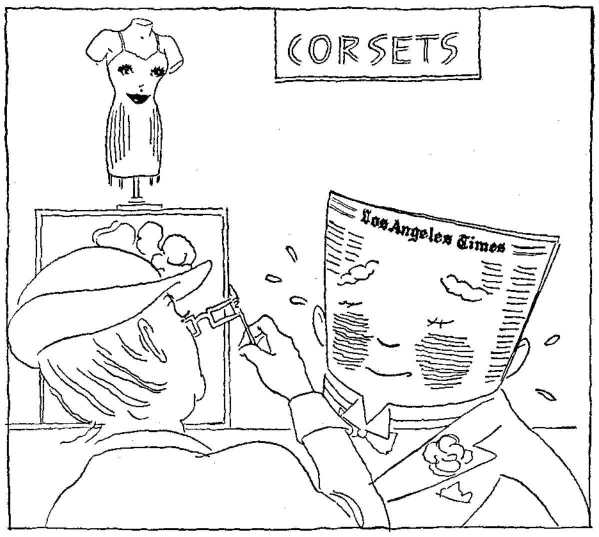
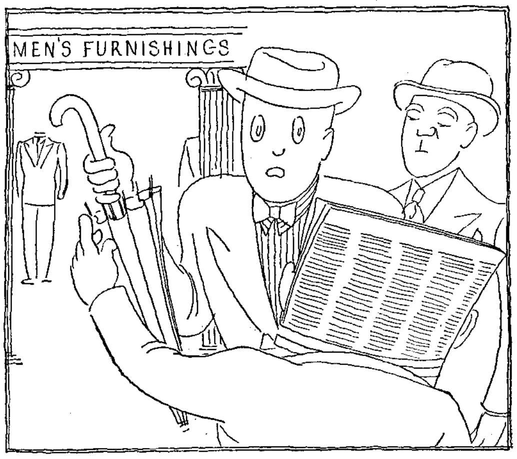
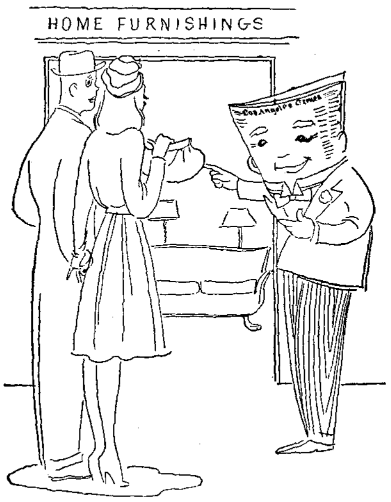
Los Angeles Times

Bright and early every morning . . . seven mornings a week . . . you'll find me on the job as floorwalker-at-large for Los Angeles retail stores. Each day more than 227,000 families (400,000 on Sundays) consult me for buying advice. Take the Women's Department for example: 57% of the women's wear advertising of Los Angeles stores is placed through my columns . . . three other Los Angeles papers dividing up the balance. So you see how Los Angeles ladies depend on me to help them select their wearables.



Men, likewise, count on me for advice on matters sartorial. Three leading Los Angeles men's stores recently conducted independent surveys to learn what newspapers their customers were reading. Result: in each case more than two-thirds read the Sunday Times; better than half, the Daily Times.



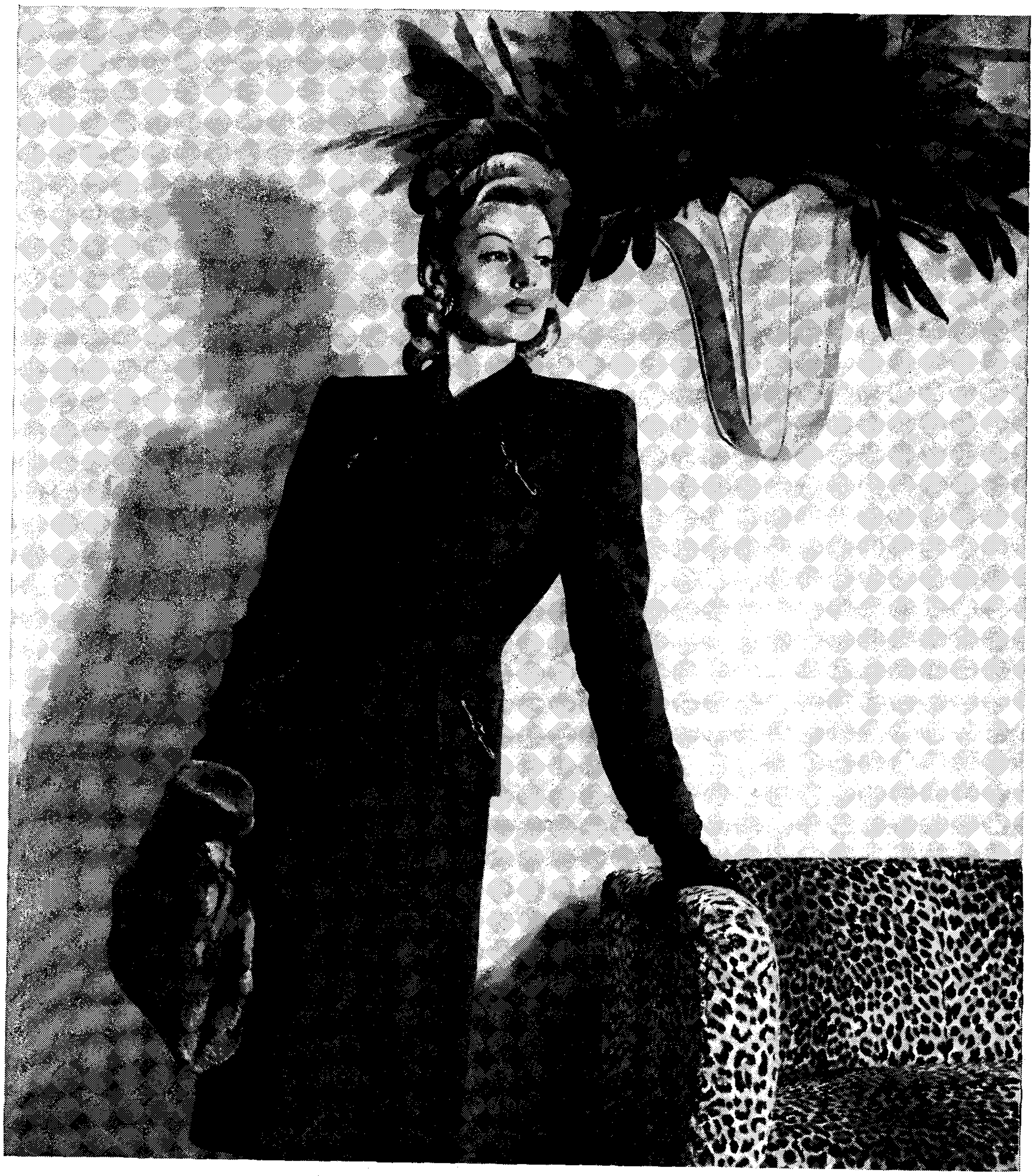


And when it comes to family purchases . . . listen to this: a local furniture store (one of the largest in the nation) questioned all Los Angeles families who built new homes during 1939 as to their newspaper preferences. Over 55% said "Sunday Times" . . . nearly 40% said "Daily Times."

National advertisers looking for an aggressive representative in the rich Southern California market have plenty of retail signposts to guide them. They'll find, also, that there is more to Times circulation (largest morning circulation on the coast) than volume. A call to a Times representative, or a letter to the Times National Advertising Department will bring all the facts.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

REPRESENTED BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE AND CRESMER
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO



MARIAN STEPHENSON

Exclamation Point: Punctuated with metal knotted pins and accented with velveteen on the pockets, this costume...in Hockanum's Mossy Wool Crepe...headlines the front page news on Dress Suits! Hockanum has made a beautiful material for it...a luxurious crepe in Ming Green, Coffee, Wine or Black...and the designer has emphasized all the beauty of the fabric in the little fly-fronted jacket (without a single button showing its head above the surface) and in the slim straight skirt with a single unpressed inverted pleat down the front. Priced at about $60 in good shops throughout the country. For the name of the nearest one, write to J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

HOCKANUM *Woolens*

Hockanum Mills, Rockville, Connecticut . . . . . Founded 1809

Division of M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, North Andover, Mass. • J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Selling Agents, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

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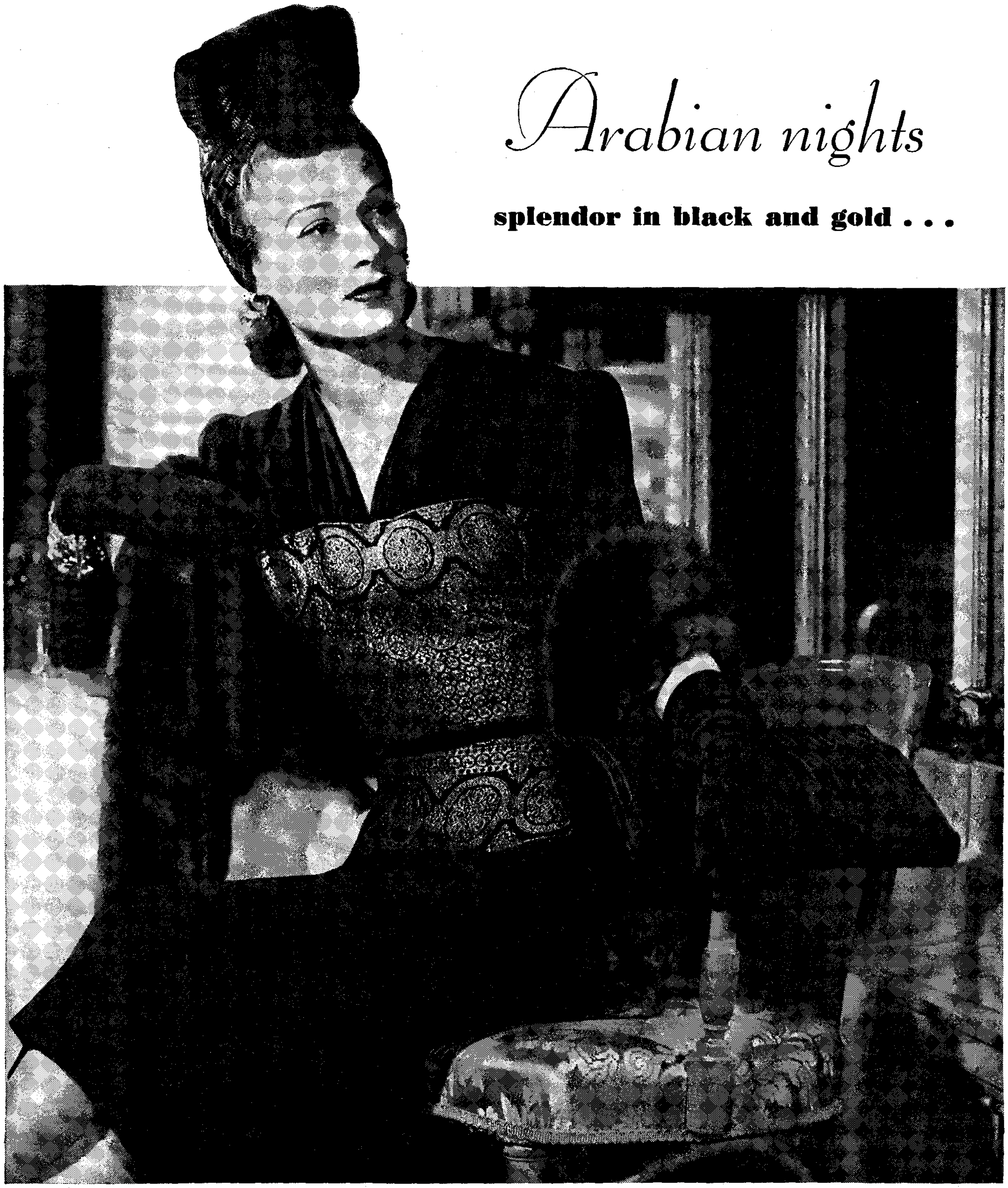


Arabian nights

splendor in black and gold . . .

for the cocktail hour and important "don't-dress" evenings . . . metal lame in the fabulously elaborated tradition of the ancient East moulds the midriff in a blaze of glory. An exclusive Altman frock in rayon crepe sizes 10 to 20, 39.95. Altman fashions . . . third floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000 Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR practically the first time in our memory, we're not moving to another apartment this October. The old dump will have to do for one more year, we decided last spring, and we signed a lease abdicating our few remaining civil rights in exchange for the landlord's empty promise to repaint the ceiling in the kitchen. At the time this seemed a sensible thing to do, there being nothing wrong with our current shack that Jeeter Lester couldn't ignore, but now we feel a little sad, a little left out of things. Our friends, approaching their annual ordeal with the moving men, are buoyed up by the old, mysterious conviction that this time they are actually entering paradise. Their faces are happy and excited as they describe the miracle which led them to this final, perfect resting place, from which they will never move again, except to the cemetery. We know that they have only contempt for us, a man without adventure in his heart, clinging timidly to an ancient squalor. We, on the other hand, know them for fools and dreamers, birds of eternal passage from bad to worse. Just the same, we are envious today. For a week or two, until the new plumbing proves itself as leaky as the old and the new fireplace just as smoky, they will know the illusion of happiness. It may be worth the blood and tears. We just don't know.

WE didn't, of course, expect the Incumbent's precise Dutchess-Groton-Harvard enunciation to come out of the Indiana larynx of the Pretender. We had been prepared by Mr. Landon for Mr. Willkie's "Presnent" and "U-nine States." We expected and got "guvment," but "sacrafiss," "execative," "totalatairrn," and, loudest of all, "Amarrkan" ("the Amarrkan people") were more than we'd bargained for. And as for the one word which an Old Boy from Commonwealth & Southern should know how to pronounce—well, we can only give an approximation: "pahrr." We warn Mr. Willkie. The parodists are coming.

ALTHOUGH we wouldn't trade her in for a brand-new Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. Roosevelt sometimes strikes us as just a little shy on tact. Talking to a bunch of other reporters about the Burke-Wadsworth bill, for instance, she said she considered it very important for everybody to keep an eye on the "personnel and action of draft boards and make sure that they choose for military service the citizens who will be least disturbed in their private lives and who are least necessary to the community." It is probably frivolous to say that a lot of perfectly eligible bachelors would be considerably more disturbed in their private lives by military service than some married men we know, and we won't make a point of it. The final clause of Mrs. Roosevelt's statement, however, does seem likely to lead to misunderstanding and probably bitterness. It is one thing, we think, to tell a man he has to fight because he isn't engaged in a vital industry; it is another to tell him politely that you have made up your mind he isn't necessary to the community, a comment that takes in a lot of ground. We can imagine a soldier turning this over in his mind as he advances into dangerous action. We can further imagine him sitting down under a cork tree and lighting a cigarette. "Not necessary to the community, eh?" he might say sardonically. "Well, maybe them monkeys ain't particularly necessary to me, either."

SPEAKING of the draft bill, we were also troubled by a sentence we ran across in an Associated Press outline of its provisions. "Upon completion of training," it said, "the trainee would be entitled to return to his former job—unless circumstances made it impossible for his employer to rehire him." It seemed to us that there was an echo here, but it was quite a while before we could track down the original voice. Finally we got it and took the book down from the shelf. It was a story by O. Henry called "Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet," and in it the hero happens to be talking about Christian Science, which he defines as "the belief that there is no pain or sickness—except what is produced when we ain't feeling well."

COSCARART took Hudson's throw, but he dropped the ball and Umpire Magerkurth reversed Umpire Stewart and called Goodman safe at second. This was in the first half of the tenth, with the score tied at 3–3. Frank Gernano, a Brooklyn fan who happened to be out of jail on parole, watched Cincinnati go on from there to win, 4–3, and then he walked out on the field and let Magerkurth have one in the mush.

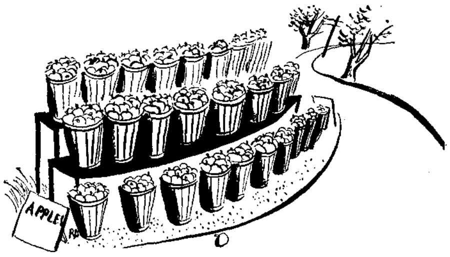
The police took him away—a squat, tough little man with sagging pants and a grim smile on his face. They took him away to court, but the heart of Flatbush went with him, for he had done more than just slug an ump, he had made a tribal dream come true. Once too often they had tried to cross up the

Brooks and they had got their lumps. A friend of ours who works on the *News* tells us that reprints of the picture of Gernano's mighty blow for justice are going up in every bar from Flatbush to Bay Ridge, between the famous Long Count and the Bum with the Beer. Through all the long winter the boys across the Bridge will drink to Frank Gernano, who seen his clear, inevitable duty, and done it with a will.

COLONEL HUBERT FAUNTLEROY JULIAN, the Black Eagle of Harlem, needled by a conversation with a lady friend, cabled a challenge to Hermann Göring, daring him to a Messerschmitt duel over the English Channel. "It will take only ten minutes to acquaint myself with the Messerschmitt," he told the reporters. "Then to battle. *Allons!* I speak French like a native." Against the background of real death and destruction, this was probably obscene, but it is indicative of our own state of mind that it struck us as no more than somewhat strange—Octavus Roy Cohen locked in mortal combat with Richard Wagner, Morningside Avenue pitted against Valhalla. In a way it would be the perfect curtain call to chaos—the perennial end man of destruction exchanging rubber bullets with the comedian who once sent his bombers at a Spanish town for the sheer fun of watching which way the masonry would jump. We don't know what the outcome would be, but it would have the advantage of pleasing us no matter who won. One way or the other, it would be O.K.

Message Home

IT is now possible, at least theoretically, for a mother in England to listen to her own child chattering happily and safely in New York, by means of radio broadcasts. The man responsible is Mr. Walter S. Lemmon, with whom we dealt a couple of years ago as the inventor of an International Business Machines product known as the radio-typewriter, and who is avocationally the president of the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, a non-profit organization operating on short-wave. Mr. Lemmon decided two months ago that it would be nice to send messages of encouragement to England, and thus began "Your Friendship Bridge," a program he sponsors in collaboration with the British-American Ambulance Corps. Since August 19th it has featured Mrs. Roosevelt, Hendrik van Loon, Peggy Wood, Henry Bernstein, and Mr. Lemmon. Once a week refugee children now in American homes are put on the air and report extemporaneously on their present lives, addressing no specific parents but giving their own names and home towns. The children are rounded up by the various committees aiding them here, and Mr. Lemmon hopes that their performances will convince British parents, including, perhaps, their very own, that they are being well looked after. "The average Britisher's impressions of America are not very good," Mr. Lemmon told us sadly. To date he has not had time to hear from England about any average mothers who actually listened to their children's voices and accordingly changed their impressions.



The friendship-bridge program originates in the New York studios of WMCA at Broadway and Fifty-first Street, and travels by telephone to Boston, and from there to the transmitting towers of the Foundation's station, WRUL, on the Atlantic coast. From there it is sped on by short wave. The broadcasts take place at five in the afternoon (ten at night in England), and can be heard on American radio sets with short-wave dials. We dropped in at WMCA the other afternoon to watch one group of children in action and found them admirably poised, though a radio technician near us remarked professionally that they were deficient in power and vitality. There were nine youngsters, six of them girls, sitting around a table with two microphones on it. The party included two American girls, one a thirteen-year-old radio singer and the other a nine-year-old Rodgers, of Rodgers and Hart. Miss Rodgers played "Chopsticks" on the piano with an English girl named Zoe who is staying at her house, and Zoe later sang a ditty accompanied by Rodgers *père*, who also made a brief speech. The master of ceremonies was Bob Emory, an announcer borrowed from WOR, who introduced the children in a melee of giggling and nudging. Our favorite was Mary Docherty, a braw lassie from Kirkintilloch, Scotland, who was wearing a plaid skirt and whose pronunciation of her native city's name would have been of absolutely no help to any Axis spies listening in. She had come over a few weeks ago on the Cameronia, which, a lady from the Travelers Aid Society told us, had sailed from Glasgow almost exclusively loaded with Scotch children and Scotch whiskey. Mary made the only slip, having to begin twice on a song she rendered, and got the biggest laugh when, asked by Emory if she had liked the Cameronia better than the other children had liked the Britannic, she replied, with a forthright burr, "I don't know how they liked the Britannic." Most of the children admitted, when Mr. Emory began asking about their reactions to American phenomena, to having acquired a taste for ice cream. Cecily Mann, sixteen, late of Gloucestershire, named milk, water, and iced coffee, in that order, as her favorite local beverages. Mary Wood, twelve, of Henley-on-Thames, reported favorably on hot dogs, and her brother David, eight, announced that his favorite sports were still cricket, tennis, rugger, and soccer, but that he didn't play them. "I only play football," he said. All the children seemed unimpressed by the fact that they were addressing their native land, and not a single one, we can assure the Federal Communications Commission, said anything as personal even as "Hello, Ma."

Finishing Touch

MAKING the rounds in search of an apartment, a lady we know happened into a new building with an impressive, modernistic lobby. It was completely unfurnished, though, and she remarked to the superintendent that some tables and chairs would improve its looks. "Oh, sure," he said. "We're going to fix it up nice—couple of tables, chairs, a sofa, and a love nest in the corner."

Big Hides

THE brothers F. Eugene and Herbert Schwarzwaelder take a modest pride in being this continent's foremost tanners of elephant hides. They operate the Sterling Leather Company, a Newark tannery which deals from day to day in the conventional cowhides and pigskins, but is prepared on a moment's notice to take on rhinoceros, hippopotamus, or elephant hides. The elephant trade is small but steady, averaging two or three hides a year, from carnival, zoo, and circus elephants. The Schwarzwaelder brothers watch the newspapers for stories about the death of elephants, and wire an offer for the hide; the price is usually over a thousand dollars. The tanned leather is a rich brown, about half an inch thick, and fetches a handsome price from luggage manufacturers.

The Schwarzwaelders once tried importing elephant hides from India, but the skins spoiled in transit. They have tanned a couple of well-known local elephants—Hilda, late of the Brooklyn Zoo, who died from a fall into a moat, and Edna, of the Bronx Zoo, who, according to the Schwarzwaelders, died of indigestion after eating her keeper's shoes. Only one hippopotamus and one rhinoceros have come their way, but they have not given up hope for more. Twenty-five years ago they tanned the hides of nine elephants, victims of a flood in Peru, Indiana, where Cole Porter was born.

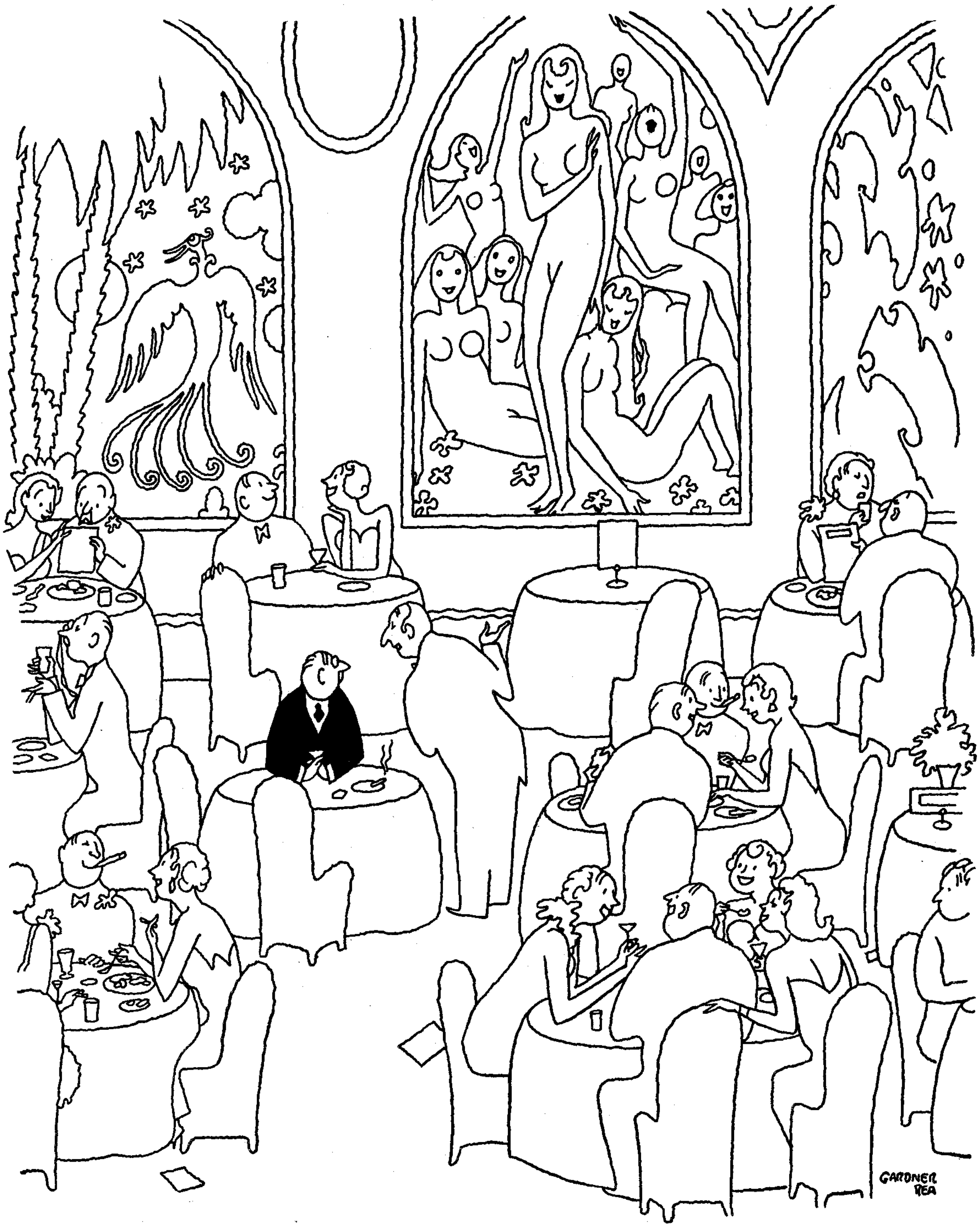
Tanning an elephant hide takes three months and costs the tannery about a hundred dollars. The hide is subjected to all the usual cleanings and soakings, and in addition must undergo a difficult special process called fleshing, which means scraping it down to a workable thickness. Most elephant hides are three inches thick and have to be scraped down to one-sixth of that. A Mr. Mike Illanowsky takes care of fleshing elephant hides for the Schwarzwaelder brothers, working at ten dollars a day. "It's a horse's job," one of the brothers told us. He added, confidentially, that they turned out elephant leather merely for prestige. Pigskin's much nicer, he said. Once the Schwarzwaelders tanned a human skin, but we're not to tell you about that. Sorry.

The American Way

HERE is an item which we find somehow reassuring, though quaint. It seems that the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota have in recent years become so worldly that the art of weaving woollen rugs has all but died out on the reservation. The situation has been taken in hand, however, by the highly capable ladies of the local D.A.R. They go out regularly to the reservation and teach the Indian girls how to loom the rugs. If the business ever becomes self-supporting, the D.A.R. may get around to teaching the squaws and bucks some amusing ritual dances. God bless America!

Renascent Tigers

FOR the past few Thursday afternoons at five-thirty a host of lawyers, businessmen, stockbrokers, and the like have been appearing at Mecca Temple, discarding their coats and Willkie buttons, and spending a couple of hours energetically marching around the basement in military formation, with wooden rifles on their shoulders. They are Boyce's Tigers, 1940 version, and their boss is Major Adolphe L. Boyce, a seventy-five-year-old white-haired gentleman who, during the first World War, trained thirty thousand civilians in New York, many of whom later served in the Army. This war's Tigers evolved from the inadequacy of facilities at Plattsburg this summer. Twelve hun-



"Perhaps, sir, you'd feel less alone over there."

WIN WITH WILLKIE

• •

dred men applied for training there and only five hundred and fifty could be accommodated. One of those left behind was Max Chopnick, a patriotic theatrical lawyer whose clients include the Shuberts. He appealed to Major Boyce, chairman of the executive committee of the Second Corps Area of the Military Training Camps Association, for advice, and for training. Between them they revived the Tigers, who met on the stages of various Shubert theatres until they began to overflow into the wings. Now the group numbers four hundred. The members listen to lectures on Tuesdays and drill on Thursdays. Mr. Chopnick, who was designated clerk by Major Boyce and later made his adjutant, has been far too busy with organizational detail to get more than a taste of training himself.

We went up to the Temple the other Thursday to inspect the Tigers, whom we found to be solemn, unferocious, and in many cases paunchy. They range in age from twenty-one to fifty-two, but most are over the draft limit, and they derive their name from the title given their predecessors twenty-three years ago by an imaginative reporter on the *Sun*. In those days Major Boyce's men wore lapel buttons, with a tiger's head on them. The Major expects that his present litter will prove valuable for various services and will furthermore be competent to train other groups. "I want all these fellows to be missionaries," he said to us. Their drillmaster is Captain Paul Brown, who instructed some of the original Tigers and has since been painting animals in action, including a horse caught in the act of spilling the Prince of Wales. Several old Tigers have rallied to Major Boyce's side, and he has startled a few of them by remembering their names after all these years. He told us that he knew his first ten thousand Tigers by name and that he is trying to get back into mnemonic stride now.

All would-be Tigers must submit to fingerprinting, their leader fearing a Nazi or Communist infiltration in the ranks and hoping that fingerprinting will prevent it. Otherwise there are no restrictions on membership. While we watched, the men shouldered arms, presented arms, and marched with determination, halting only to listen to a technical lecture on drill maneuvers by Captain Brown. An Army sergeant who had dropped in as an observer looked them over and said, brusquely, "When they call 'em, they'll be ready." Major Boyce has little doubt that they will be called, in some capacity or other. "I think we're headed into this thing right up to our necks," he told us. He has been up to his neck in military affairs for sixty years. He was at Plattsburg with one of the first civilian groups in 1915, and during the last war, after training his Tigers, was in the Army Transport Service. He has a medical degree but hasn't practiced in thirty years. For a while he was a businessman himself, but he retired from the field ten years ago when the National Cash Register Company bought the rights to a combination typewriter and adding machine he was manufacturing. "It had all the gadgets in the world," he said. "It was the prettiest machine you ever saw."

Dr. Post

IT is customary in all the big hospitals to notify the staff when an interesting post-mortem is to take place. It would be too blatant to have somebody shout "Post-mortem! Post-mortem!" through the public-address system, and the usual solution is to pass the word along from doctor to doctor. At one hospital we know of, however, they have found a way to announce it over the loudspeakers. "Calling Dr. Post," the loudspeaker says, whenever something interesting is afoot in the autopsy room. "Calling Dr. Mortimer Post."

Justitia

WE looked up former Mayor Walker in the office he occupies as impartial chairman of the coat-and-suit industry, at Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue. The lettering on his glass door reads, "National Coat and Suit Industry Recovery Board; James J. Walker, Impartial Chairman; Alexander Printz, Chairman; F. Nathan Wolf, Executive Secretary." Mr. Walker, who was wearing a checked gray suit, a blue-and-gray dotted tie, and, alternately, two pairs of tortoiseshell glasses, said that the reference to Mr. Printz was not to be construed as a crack. He is impartial, too. He occupies an honorary position in the *national* cloak-and-suit world and lives in Cleveland; Chairman Walker adjudicates disputes in the *metropolitan* area of the industry and lives at 965 Fifth Avenue. Walker said he had been doing a good deal of homework and spadework. "I'm finding out what makes the industry tick," he said, "making tours of factories and having lunch with labor heads and officers of all the locals." His main stint will be acting as judge on workers' complaints revolving around questions of pay, hours of work, loss of job, etc. The possible grievances of some 40,000 manufacturers' employees, 12,500 manufacturers, contractors, and wholesalers, and twelve unions come under his jurisdiction, though most of these are settled by negotiation between the parties involved, only about three hundred particularly knotty ones getting to the attention of the impartial chairman every year.

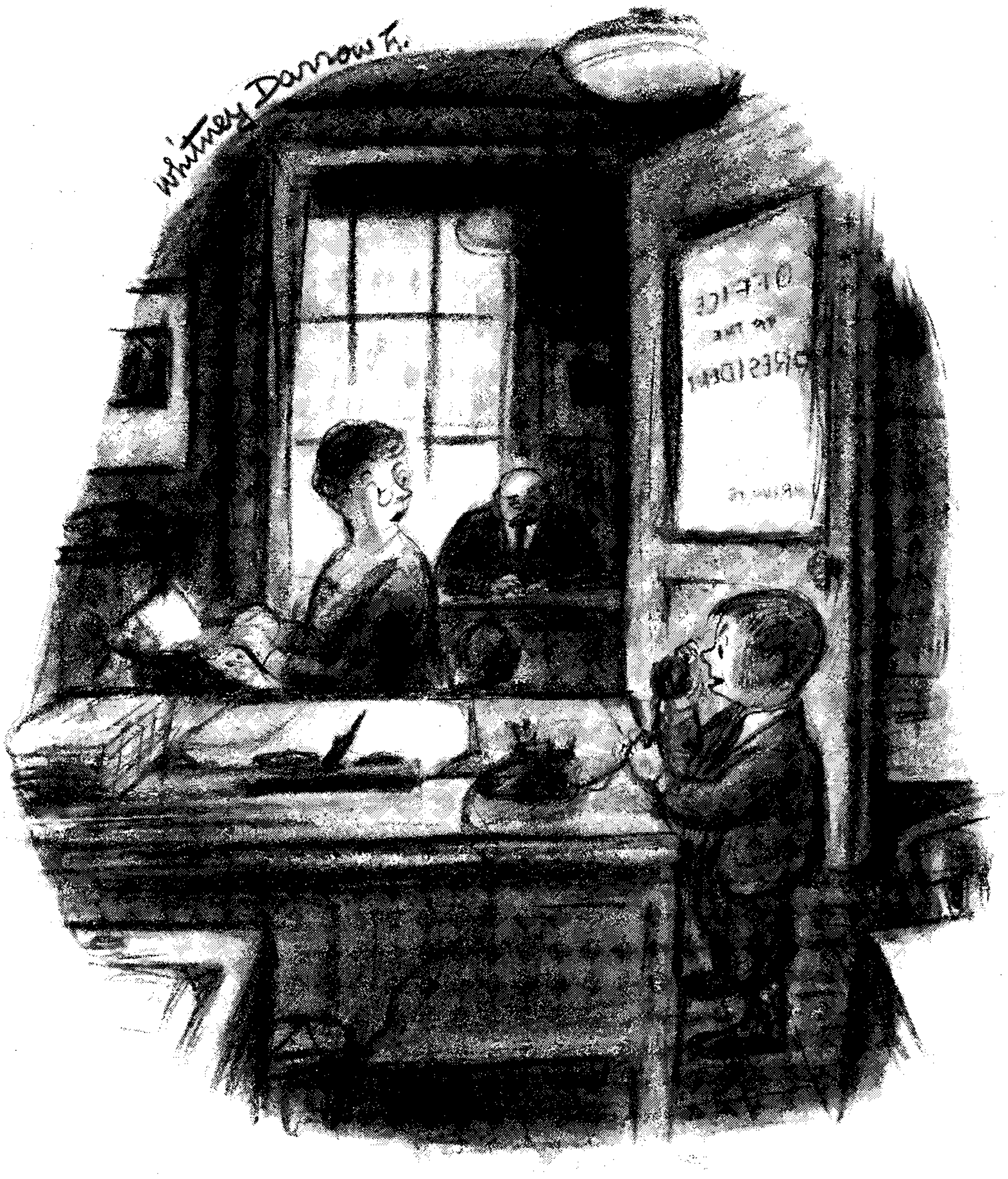
Casting about for a suitable question, we asked Mr. Walker how the locals were divided up. A gleam appeared in his eye, but he modestly called in F. Nathan Wolf to check up on him if he got anything wrong. "The various locals include cutters, machine operators, hand tailors, pressers, examiners, and buttonhole-makers," said Walker, tapping the little finger of his left hand with the forefinger of his right as he ticked off each craft. Mr. Wolf, a dark, earnest-looking man, nodded approvingly. "Old Man Zipper has reduced the number of buttonhole-makers," he said. Walker looked worried. "What's become of those buttonhole-makers?" he asked. "Oh, they've got old. Maybe they're on relief," said Mr. Wolf. Walker seemed distressed. He told us there was also a local consisting of many non-English-speaking Italians in the industry. "All this is just women's and children's cloak-and-suit, not dresses," Mr. Wolf said to us. Mr. Walker explained that in the industry cloak-and-suit means an outer garment, and that a dress is an inner garment. "There is also the undergarment," he said dreamily.

Walker told us his decisions will be final and binding. "I have penal privileges," he said firmly. "I sit as sole judge and can fine and suspend." The former Mayor was in a rather bare office when we interviewed him, and said he expected to brighten it up with some pictures. On his desk was a glass objet d'art in the form of a pair of cup-shaped scales, each of which contained five or six cornflowers. They balanced perfectly. "The scales of Justice," said Walker. "They were given to me by the Lido Club publicity man." Walker's wife, the former Betty Compton, is no longer in the flower business, her husband informed us. "She was too successful to last," he said. "The more business she did, the more money she lost."

Since LaGuardia appointed Walker to his new post, which carries a three-year tenure at $20,000 per annum, we asked the impartial chairman if he would care to make a statement about the Mayor. "Difference of politics didn't affect him in his choice," he said admiringly. He declined to discuss LaGuardia further, but stated, in a burst of impartiality, that he hoped to eliminate the necessity for his own present job by getting to the bottom of the complaints and doing away with their causes. He will then do away with the impartial chairman. "I will make the job unnecessary as fast as the industry can assimilate the elimination of the impartial chairman," he said. He informed us he had a precedent for this form of abnegation, having once, as a lawyer, represented all the beef packers in Chicago in court disputes arising from sanitary regulations. "Eventually I eliminated the causes," he said, "and it was no longer necessary for me to represent them." Mr. Walker looked at us in triumph, and Mr. Wolf looked at Mr. Walker in astonishment.

Carefree

A SOCIAL worker has told us of a touching case she investigated recently—that of a delinquent girl whose delinquency was contributed to (as they say) exclusively by sailors. Sometimes it was a signalman, sometimes it was a gunner's mate, sometimes it was an oiler, and once it was a petty officer; but always sailors. Out of sheer, unprofessional curiosity, the social worker finally asked the girl why this was. "Well, I don't know," the little delinquent said, reflectively. "I guess maybe it's on account of sailors ain't all the time talking about how they're afraid of losing their jobs."



"Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't call me at the office!"

GOODBYE, SUMMER

THE post office was hot and smelled of dust, stale tobacco, and ink pads. Hand-painted posters announcing garden-club exhibits and amateur theatricals, bills with pictures and descriptions of men wanted for robbery or murder, and a warning against Japanese beetles were thumbtacked to the walls. Inside the door, old man Miner's ancient collie lay asleep, his gray coat matted and dull. He breathed unevenly, exhausted by his painful, sedate walk from Miner's house to the post office. Red had to step over him as he came in the door.

There were only two letters and a magazine in the Bascom box, all addressed to his mother. Red twirled the dial that locked the box and walked over to the window behind which Mr. Miner sat on a high stool. He propped one elbow in the opening and pushed his white yachting cap back on his head.

"How's a boy today?" he asked.

"Hello there, Red," Mr. Miner said. "You folks going to stay up late this year?"

Red yawned indifferently. "Looks like it," he answered.

"Thought it would be time for you to be getting ready for school," Mr. Miner said. "Must be pretty dull with most of the young people gone."

"Oh, them," Red told him disdainfully. "Bunch of nuts."

Mr. Miner smiled. "Your school open soon?" he asked.

"Opens next Tuesday without me," Red said. "I'm not going back. We're staying on a month and then going to Florida."

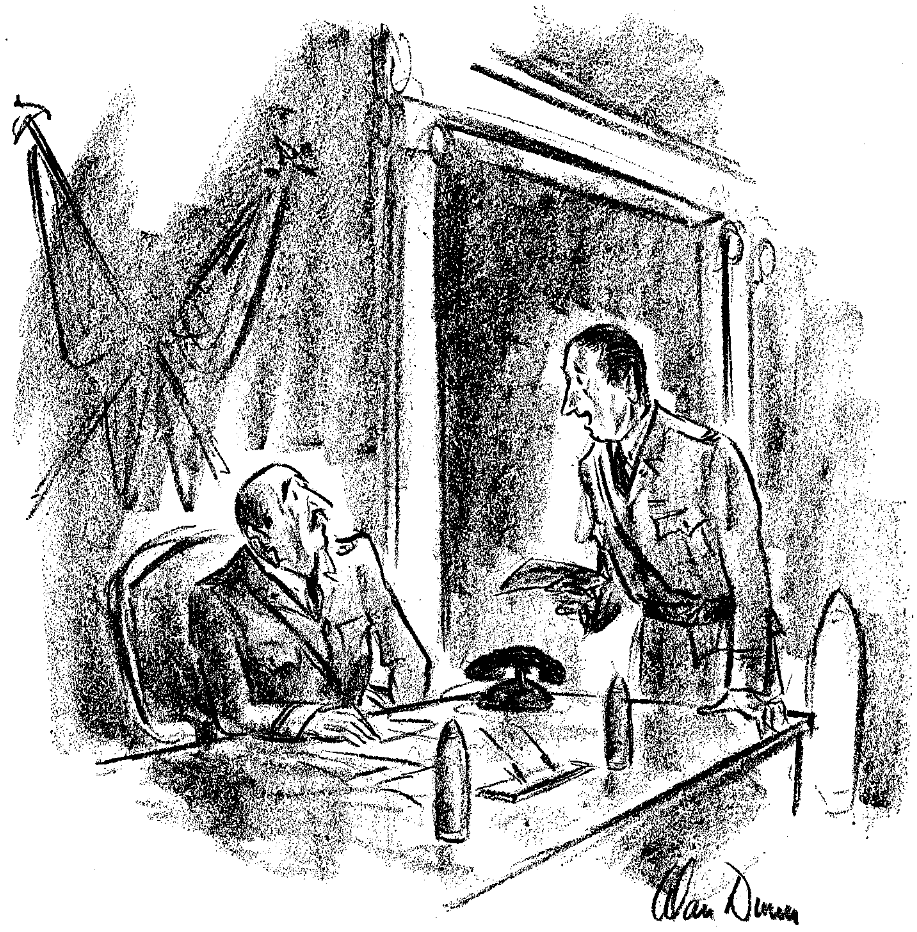
"Well, now." Mr. Miner frowned. "Didn't get into any trouble with your lessons, did you?"

"In that dump? I should say not!" Red's voice was scornful. "Say, listen, the dopes we had there didn't know from nothin'."

Mr. Miner picked up a stack of mail and began writing forwarding addresses on the letters. "Thought you liked that place," he said. "In Virginia, wasn't it?"

"Oh, it was all right, I guess," Red told him. "Good as any, which isn't saying much."

He straightened up and strolled over to read the notices on the bulletin board: Mrs. Sanders had lost a knitting bag, there was to be a church supper at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday, and the library announced that beginning the day after Labor Day it would not open until noon.

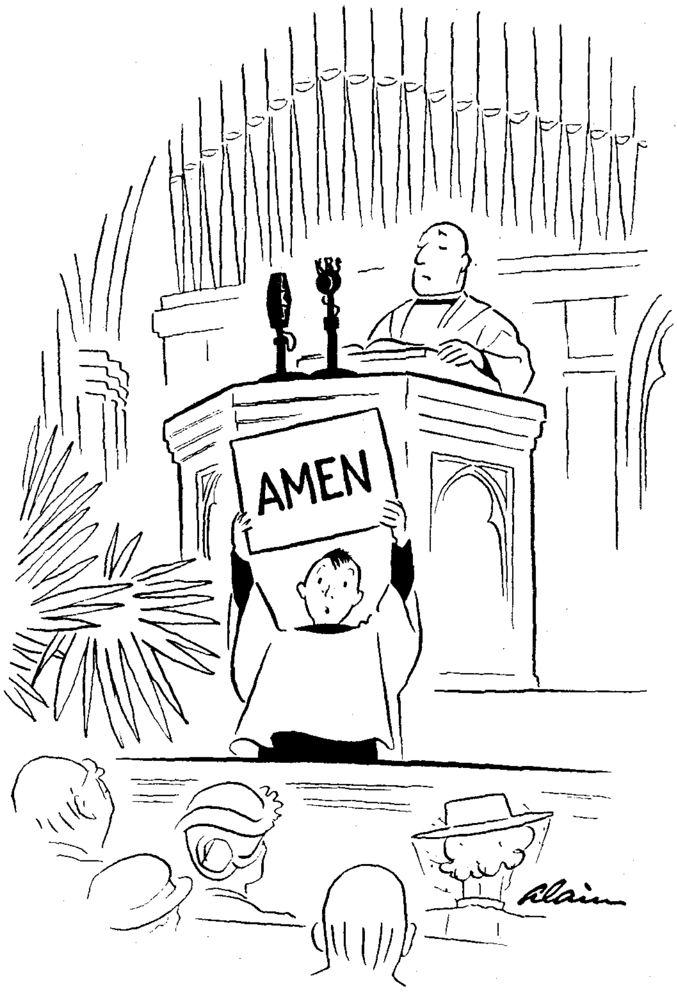


"On that order for fifty thousand more wooden guns, sir, the factory can't promise delivery before 1941."

RED went outside and stood on the steps of the post office, staring blankly down the street. There had been a heavy mist in the night and the street was as wet as though it had rained. Steam rising from the asphalt was hot, pungent, and sickening, and the leaves of the elms were limp and faded. The place looked strange without the rows of cars filled with chattering women waiting in the shade for the mail to be sorted. The day lay before him, glaring and empty. From where he stood, he could see the roof of the Bascoms' house, a glimpse of red tiles and white stucco against the green of the trees. It was the largest house in town, and people laughed at it. "Imagine building a thing like that in this sweet little place," they said, looking at its newness and whiteness with disfavor.

"Have you seen the inside of it? It's a *palace*," they said, choking with laughter, as though living in a palace were too funny for words. "It has *everything*, a *game* room, dozens of bathrooms all different colors, a bar, the most colossal living room, but *ghastly*, and she even has a little stage, a little theatre really, built on the top floor. A reminder, I suppose."

This last remark was a direct slam at Mrs. Bascom, who had been, the rumor went, a "Follies" girl. Not that the summer people at Monroe were fussy exactly, but they couldn't forgive Vic Bascom for daring to leave his first wife, Doris—who had been a little on the dull side but, well, a lady—for tall, red-haired Peggy Bascom. No one knew where he had met her, and for a year after they were married no one even knew she had a son, until Red appeared one day late in August fresh from a boys' camp and tougher than tripe. Everyone made it very plain to Vic Bascom from the start that he needn't try to force his new family down people's throats. And a gasp went up when he tore down the big, rambling, shingled cottage to build the new place, which was exactly the showy and pretentious sort of thing *she* would like. Every fall, Doris Bascom came back to town after Vic and Peggy had left. She stayed with friends, who were tactful and tried not to drive by the new house too often. Not that Doris ever said anything; she merely winced a little at the sight of the formal, clipped lawns where her old-fashioned garden had been. In fact, she always asked after Vic quite kindly, saying, "How's poor old Vic?" And people told her that Vic wasn't looking any too well, small wonder, but that nobody saw him much.



WHEN Red was first shown the new house, the station wagon with "Red Roof" in black letters on the side of it, the pale-green Lincoln roadster and the big maroon sedan, he was paralyzed. "Oh, boy!" he said. And when he was sixteen, Vic had taken him to get his licence. But by that time he had learned that the huge house, the slick green roadster, and the way his folks did things were no good. His mother and Vic didn't seem to mind what people said. They kept the house filled with people they had met in Florida or people Peggy had known in New York, a noisy crowd in gay slacks and colored shorts, who sometimes dropped in at the dances at the club, a little too high and loud. They made fun of the summer people, calling them "pickle pusses" and "old battle-axes."

Occasionally, Red's mother worried about him. "Why don't you go to the dance, Red, honey?" she would ask. "Call up some nice little girl and ask her. You can have the big car—can't he, Vic?"

"Ask one of them dumb bunnies!" Red would exclaim. "Nothing stirring."

"*Those* dumb bunnies," his mother would correct him gravely. And Vic, watching him sharply, would put his hand in his pocket and slip him five dollars.

Red spent his time talking to the caddies at the club, driving furiously up and down the main road, hanging around the garage, and piloting his mother's friends around the lake in the little speedboat. At cocktail time, he took sips from people's glasses and got feeling a little good for a while, laughing hugely at jokes and telling some himself. Then what was funny and what wasn't funny was clear again and he let himself go, while the women looked at one another and shrieked and the men laughed until they were red in the face and told him he was some kid.

It made him forget the time he talked to Mrs. Davenport in front of the post office. She had spoken to him so pleasantly that he had stopped by her car, and searching his mind for something to say that would entertain her, he had told her that he had seen the maids from the hotel swimming in the lake at night. "In their birthday suits," he explained.

"Oh, no, Red," she said. "I don't think they would do a thing like that. They probably had white bathing suits on. So many people wear them now, you know."

"Oh, no, lady!" he answered positively. "Not with them shadows!"

He laughed at his own humor, but Mrs. Davenport gave him a look that made him uncomfortable and embarrassed.

He was almost resigned to the fact that the young people in Monroe were apparently not for him, and he looked with contempt on the chinless youths who were his own age but seemed silly and vapid. Listening to the pungent swearing of the caddies, he was scornful of boarding-school accents, and the tales told him by Hank Dwyer, who worked at the service station down the road, were so filled with adventure and the goings-on of a girl named Rosie that almost anything else paled in comparison.

Yet it was a relief, when the summer people left this year, to be rid of trying to understand the split hairs of small snobberies. Things were simpler and he was no longer uneasily conscious of a life in which he had no part.

STANDING on the steps, he made vague plans for the day; he would take the car to be greased, have a double coke at Holbrook's, paddle over to the island. He was scarcely aware of the small car that drove up and stopped in front of the post office. He saw that the girl who got out was Betsy Davenport.

"Hi, Red," she called. "What are you doing, holding up the post office?"

"Somebody's got to," he answered, only mildly interested that she had more than addressed him.

She came slowly up the steps. "Hot," she said.

"As hell."

She stood near him and leaned against a support of the porch. She was small, plump, and pretty, and her voice was soft.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she asked. "With everybody gone, I mean."

"I like it," he said. "Nice and quiet without all that screeching."

She laughed as though he had said something very funny. "Well, it is, kind of," she agreed. "We're staying another week. I'll be late, but Mother wants to have some painting done." She wrinkled her forehead. "*Too* terrible, except for missing school, of course."

"I'm not going back," he told her. "Going to Florida."

"Not going to study at all?" she asked. "Goodness! What will you do?"

"Oh, it's great down there," he said. "Nice and warm all the time and nothing to do but lie around and have a time."

"It sounds perfect. You're *lucky!*"

"I'll say," he said.

"Nothing to do here now but write

letters. I wrote ten last night and I'm going to write ten or fifteen more today." She sighed. "I love to get letters, but I *hate* to write them."

His face brightened. "Why, so do I," he said, surprised. "Ain't that sumpin!"

He looked at her more closely. Her hair was short and curly, her lipstick red and glistening, and he decided that she wasn't dumb.

"No more dances," she said. "Not at the club, that is. And just one more at the Monroe House."

"Well, that don't kill me," he told her.

"Can't you *dance?*" she asked.

"Oh, I can dance, all right," he said. "I just don't see much to it. Kid stuff."

"You're awful. I bet you're just pretending you don't like it. You're probably awfully good." She studied him carefully, as though he were a race horse. "You *look* as though you'd be good. You've got the right build." She smiled at him. "It's fun when the music's good. Well, I suppose I might as well get the mail. That'll be *something*, anyway. Got yours?"

He folded the magazine around the letters so that she couldn't read the name on them. "Yep," he said.

He fanned himself elaborately. "Sure is hot. Like a coke?"

"I'd love a coke." She turned quickly and ran down the steps. "I'll get the mail later. Come on, I'm dying."

She climbed in his car and slid under the wheel. "Can I drive?" she asked. "I've been dying and dying to drive this car all summer."

He laughed tolerantly. "Sure, go ahead. Why didn't you say so sometime? I'd have let you drive it."

As they started down the road to Holbrook's, Red was elated. The calm of the morning was gone and it occurred to him that the car had never run so smoothly or felt so good. They drank their cokes slowly and then drove around the lake.

"You're O.K.," Red said. "You drive O.K. This is a pretty heavy bus for a girl."

"It's gorgeous," she told him. "I love it. I could drive it forever and ever."

The road around the lake was shady and damp and there was a hot smell of pine needles. They passed the Monroe House, where a few elderly ladies sat and rocked on the porch. The sight of them made Red and Betsy laugh immoderately. "What a life!" Red exclaimed. "What a life!"

"Ghastly," she agreed. "I'd rather be dead."

"There's worse things than being dead," he told her sagely.

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly. "I hope I don't live until I'm old. I hope I die when I'm young. In my sleep."

"Yeah, that would be O.K."

They were in beautiful accord in their views on death, life, music, and the futility of study. And as they passed the Monroe House for the fourth time, Red asked her if she wanted to go to the dance there that night.

"That would be swell," she said. "There won't be anyone there much, but if it's too awful, we can leave and try to stir up something else."

It was after one when they drove back to the post office. "Almost forgot the mail," she told him. He drove home with this subtle compliment ringing in his ears.

His mother was not too surprised when he told her he was taking Betsy Davenport to the dance. "That's lovely, honey," she said. "Don't forget to take a bath."

Waiting impatiently through the long afternoon, he wondered if he were in love. It must be love, he thought, that had sharpened his memory so that he could remember all the things Betsy had said. He wished that the dance were at the club and that he could dance with Betsy by the stag line. The color and tempo of his life were changed, and though almost everyone had left Monroe now, they would be coming back

LOVE, 20¢ THE FIRST QUARTER MILE

O.K., I may have lied to you, and about you, and made a few statements a bit too sweeping perhaps, and possibly forgotten to tag the bases here or there,
And damned your extravagance, and maligned your tastes, and libelled your relatives, and slandered a few of your friends.
O.K.,
Nevertheless, come back.

Come home. I will agree to forget the statements that you issued, copiously, to the neighbors and the press,
And you will forget that figment of your imagination, the blonde from Detroit.
I will agree that your lady friend who lives above us is not crazy, bats, nutty as they come, but on the contrary rather bright,
And you will concede that poor old Steinberg is neither a drunk, nor a swindler, nor a potential murderer, but simply a guy, on the eccentric side, trying to get along.
(Are you listening, you bitch, and have you got this straight?)

Because I forgive you, yes, for everything,
I forgive you for being beautiful and generous and wise,
I forgive you, to put it simply, for being alive, and pardon you, in short, for being you.

Because tonight you are in my hair and eyes,
And every street light that our taxi passes shows me you again, still you,
And because tonight all other nights are black, all other hours are cold and far away, and now, this minute, the stars are very near and bright.

Come back. We will have a celebration to end all celebrations.
We will invite the undertaker who lives beneath us, and a couple of the boys from the office, and some other friends,
And Steinberg, who is off the wagon, by the way, and that insane woman who lives upstairs, and a few reporters, if anything should break.

—Kenneth Fearing

• •

next year and for as many exciting and crowded years as he could count ahead.

It was dinnertime before Betsy told her mother she was going to the dance with Red.

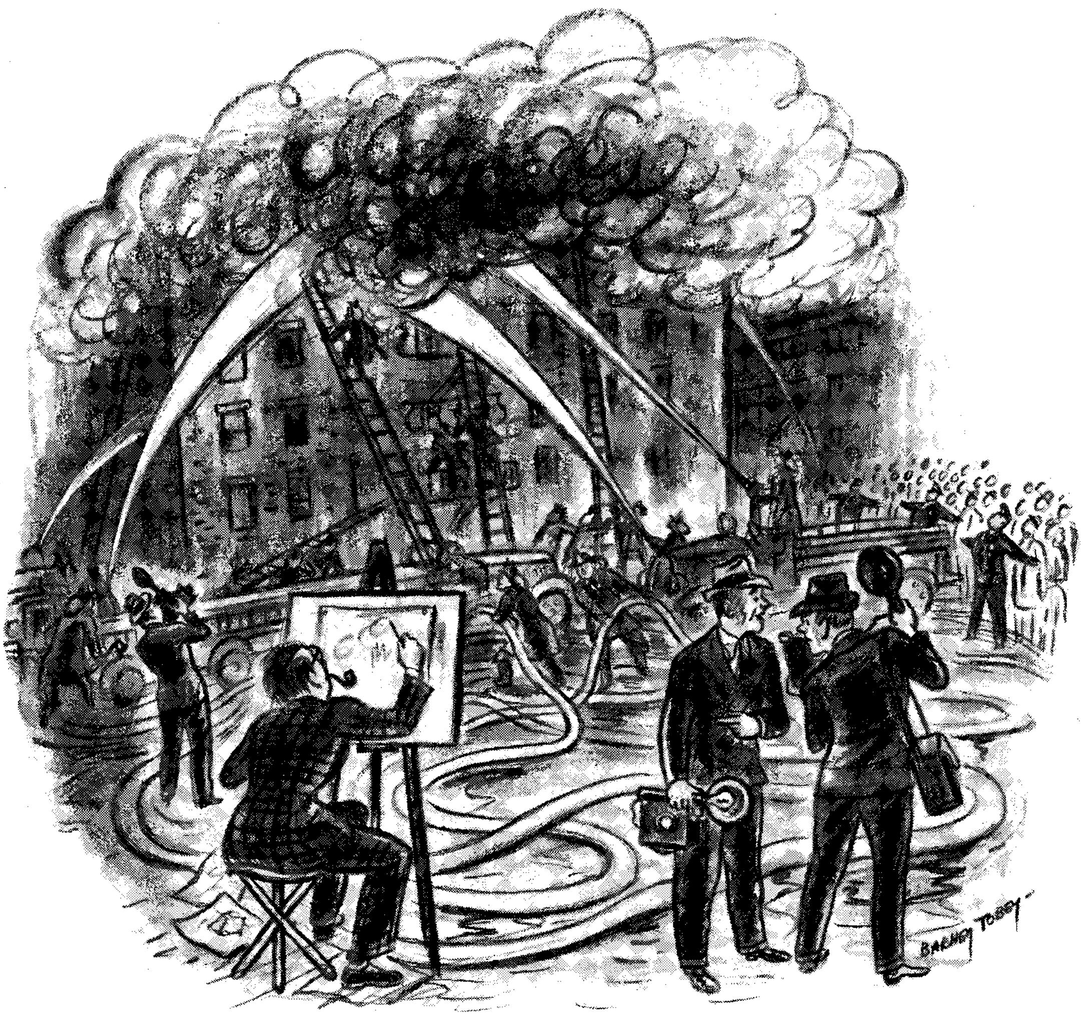
"Red?" her mother asked. "That awful boy! Are you out of your mind?"

"He's not awful, he's nice," Betsy said. "I like him. I don't see anything awful about him at all."

"Well, maybe," her mother answered cautiously. "But, Betsy dear, you'll have him on your hands. Of course, we're going in a week. But next summer."

"Oh, phooey!" Betsy exclaimed.

"Well, think of me, child. I don't say the boy isn't all right, maybe, but his mother! I simply can't get involved with his mother. If you go out with Red, she'll think she can run in and out of here. And you can't blame her for that. Naturally, if you are friends with Red, she'll assume she can be friends with me."



"He's from PM."

IT was almost eight when Betsy called him, and her voice sounded as though she were somewhere a long way off. "Red," she said. "I'm terribly sorry. I waited and waited, hoping I'd feel better, but I feel just ghastly. I must be coming down with grippe or something. And I don't think I can make it. I really don't."

For a moment he stood holding the telephone, puzzled and lost, and then in a blinding flash everything was clear. "Sure, I know," he said with dignity. "It's O.K."

"I'm sorry," she told him. "Terribly sorry."

"Don't give it a thought," he said. "It's no skin off my elbow. Dancing don't mean that much to me. Hope you feel better."

Without saying goodbye, he put down the receiver. He reached for his yachting cap and took off his coat and got the car out of the garage. He backed down the driveway, whistling, slamming his brakes on at the foot of the hill, and grinding the gears as he changed from reverse to first.

He drove straight through Monroe and along the main road toward the next town, a drab, down-at-the-heels little place kept alive by a few stores, two movie theatres, and four eating places that sold drinks. Hank Dwyer waved to him as he passed the filling station, but he did not wave back. "To hell with him, too!" he said aloud.

He stopped the car in front of the Quality Lunch, lit a cigarette, and pushed open the screen door. It was Saturday night and the place was filled with men in overalls, eating and drinking beer. He sat down in one of the booths and called across the room. "Hi, Charlie! How about a little service?"

"Hi, there, Red!" Charlie called back. "What'll it be? Sandwich? Coke?"

"Double Scotch," Red told him.

Charlie came out from behind the counter and walked toward the booth. He leaned over Red and spoke softly and confidentially. "Listen, boy," he said. "I'd like to, but I can't. Why, you ain't eighteen yet. And you know what will happen to me if I serve you a drink. Have a coke, Red."

"Coke, hell!" Red exclaimed. "Be a sport."

"I'd like to, Red," Charlie said. "I sure would like to, but I can't run the risk of having my licence taken away. I can't do it, boy."

The men in the room were looking over at them and grinning. Red got up from the table and walked toward the door. He walked slowly, and as he passed the counter he took a toothpick from the glass holder.

"See you again, Red," Charlie called after him.

Red started the car and sat for a moment not knowing where to go. Then he drove toward home. He drove faster and faster until the accelerator was almost to the floor board, and although his eyes were reckless and wild and he told himself he wanted to die, some instinct made him slow down slightly when he reached the sharp turns in the road.

—SALLY BENSON

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She was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox for several years, but more recently she has been free-lancing. . . . Miss Valentine was born in Brooklyn, but spent most of her life in New York.—*Washington Evening Star.*

Gypsy blood, perhaps.

CREEPY-TIME GAL

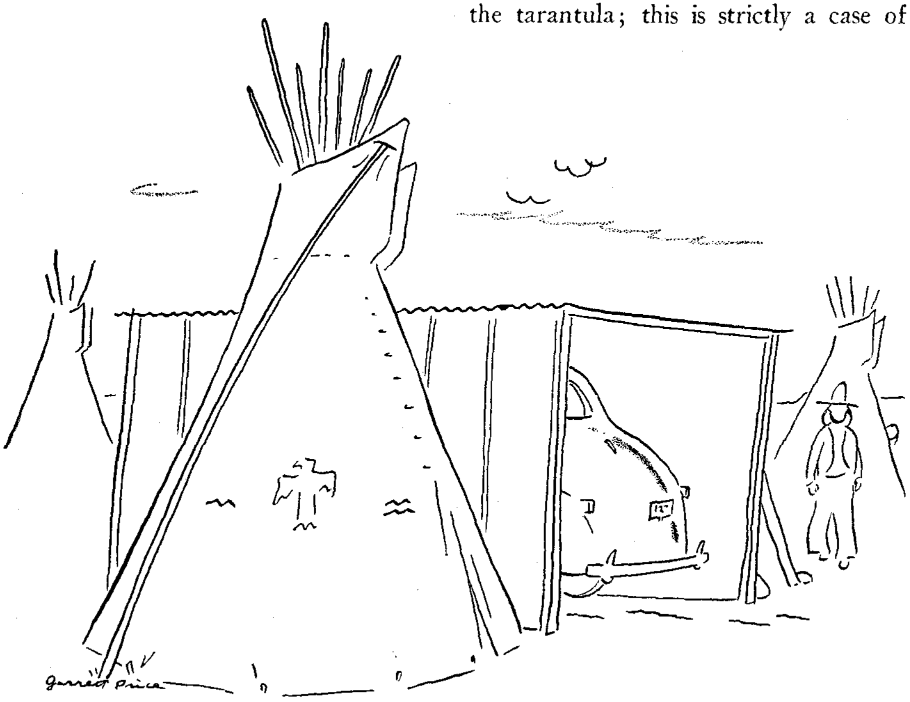
IF you should open somebody else's mail by mistake during the next few weeks and find, dimpling up at you, a brisk little insect that looks like a tangle of black pipe-cleaners, there are a couple of things you can do. One is to shinny down the waterspout like crazy; the other, if you haven't a waterspout, is to shinny down where you think it ought to be. Only, for God's sake, don't be a purist. Just *shinny*.

It's not that I'm especially psychic or *anything—the notion of mail*-order insects is set forth with freezing clarity in an article called "Selling Tarantulas," by W-W-Weldon D. Woodson (don't mind if I stammer a little; you'd stammer too if you had seen those photographs), in the August issue of *Pets* magazine. Mr. Woodson has found a man in Los Angeles named Raymond Thorp, who sells tarantulas, black widows, and scorpions to people who haven't got tarantulas, black widows, and scorpions. "Only this morning," Mr. Thorp informed Mr. Woodson, "a dozen 'black' or Hentzii tarantulas (not males) started on their journey to a gentleman in British Columbia; a dozen of the silver-tipped Avicularia to a doctor in Minnesota; a half-dozen of the same species to a man in Ohio; a trio of dark-brown, silky Steindachneri to a lady in Florida; a quintet of reddish-brown Eurypelma to a Canadian museum of zoology." I think Mr. Thorp expresses himself the least bit ambiguously. The phrase "started on their journey" conjures up a picture of a bevy of giggling tarantulas in ruffled organdie and wide-awake straw hats fussing over lunch baskets and teasing the conductor. What Mr. Thorp intended to convey was simply the fact that thirty-eight assorted tarantulas were clearing through the mails while he stood there chewing the fat, and that's right where I started sweating freely.

Mr. Woodson, whom I somehow visualize as standing on one foot and scratching nervously throughout the interview, nevertheless managed to inquire what people wanted with such creatures anyway. "Mere wanton curiosity accounts for the great majority of orders," Thorp came back with a smile (occasioned, no doubt, by the Eurypelma he saw snuggling on Mr. Woodson's collar). "Next in volume comes from those who use them for window display advertising, and one can readily imagine the crowds lured to a store window filled with tarantulas, black widows, scorpions, and centipedes; some fighting, others hatching out and eating their young." I must be stiff with sales resistance, for I can just as readily imagine myself lured to a store the other end of town, cheerfully paying through the nose to miss such an engaging spectacle. Not so Mr. Thorp, however, who says proudly, "In my eyes there is nothing more interesting than this spider [the black tarantula, Eurypelma Hentzii], which, despite its looks, is so meek that a two-year-old baby can handle it with safety." Anybody who puts a tarantula in a crib with a two-year-old baby must be crazy if he cares anything about the tarantula; this is strictly a case of diamond cut diamond. I can't go along with Mr. Thorp any further than that, though, and his attitude toward his fourteen-year-old son, Carroll, seems to me to be one of affection tinged with the sort of sang-froid you might display toward live bait. If you are an excitable father who sends for a doctor and bronchoscope every time your child swallows a grape, get a load of Carroll:

> He is frequently sent out on a hurry-up mission to bring in as many as fifty spiders in an afternoon. . . . The tarantulas are distributed about over his clothing where they cling very nicely until brought to book in our menagerie.

John Greenleaf Whittier or no, the next barefoot boy with cheek of tan who tries to thumb a ride from me within fifty miles of Los Angeles gets a light lug wrench across the knuckles.



THE further one ventures into *Pets* magazine, the better one understands why its title was changed several months ago from *Popular Pets* to just plain *Pets*. Picking up another issue with a forked stick, I ran full tilt into a dithyrambic essay by Rene B. Stiles, called "I Love Snakes." Not "Who's Afraid of Snakes?," mind you, or "Snakes Roll Right Off My Knife," but the good old simple declarative—the way I feel about Madeleine Carroll. And lest any doubting Thomas try to confute her, the author has had herself photographed pitching woo at one of her favorites, an eight-foot Florida Indigo who sleeps in her bedroom. "He will take meat right out of my hands," avers Mrs. Stiles in a perfect frenzy of devotion. Girlie, that's practically an epigram.

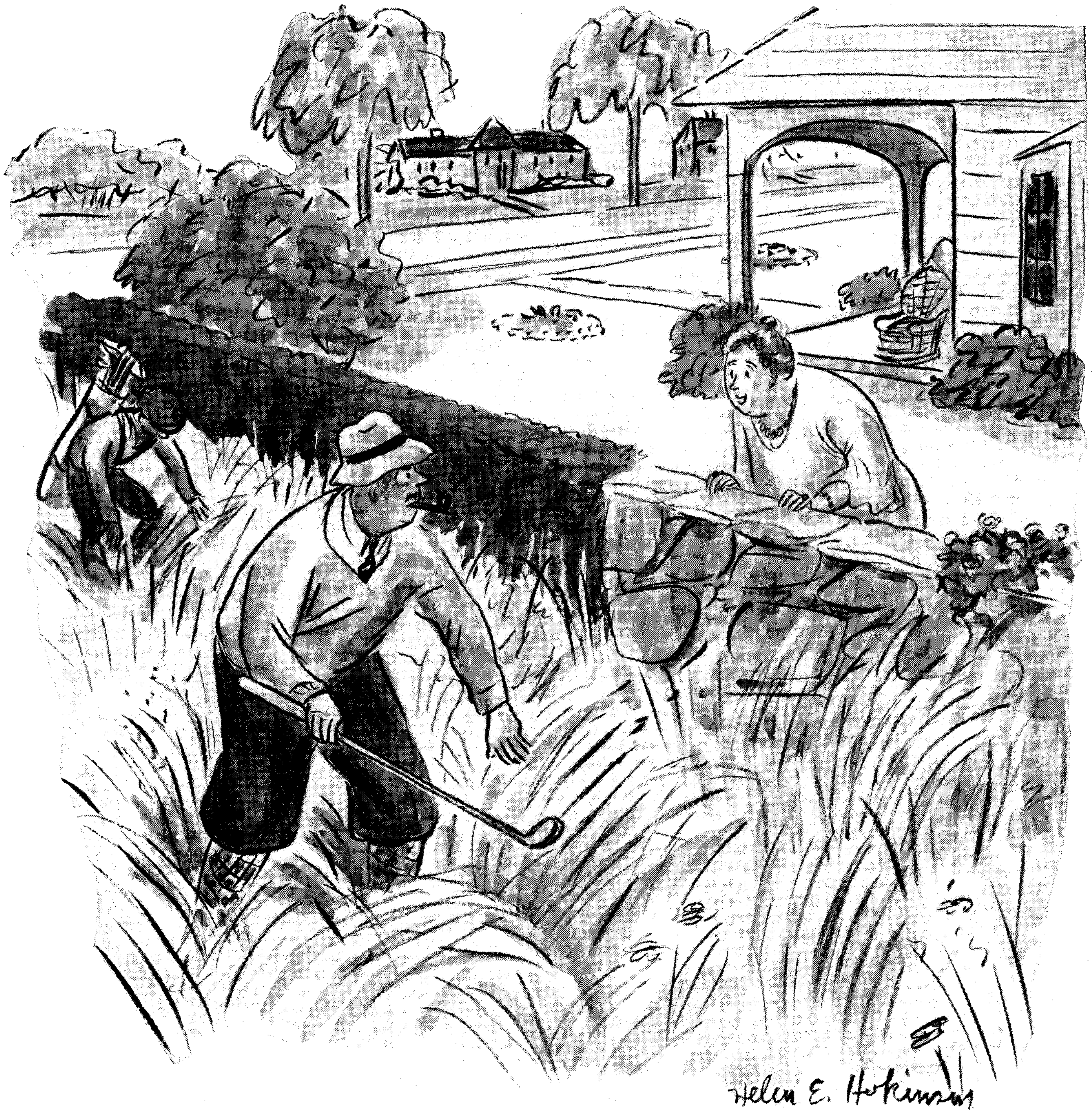
Mrs. Stiles houses in her Minneapolis home a collection of more than fifty poisonous and non-poisonous specimens, but the eternal feminine in her prefers one Peck's Bad Boy:

> I believe that the most interesting snake in my whole collection is my 5½-foot Siamese Hooded Cobra and I like him because, unlike other North American poisonous snakes, he is aggressive.

It's only a summer romance, evidently, for she says elsewhere:

> I would like to own a coral snake, but because this type is dangerously small and difficult to watch, I am afraid that my neighbors would object rather strenuously.

This would imply that until now the neighbors have been serenading Mrs. Stiles with mandolins and sending over old-fashioned molasses cookies, which I find hard to believe. You can bet



"Would it be cheating if I told you where the ball is?"

• •

your life people don't mouse around Mrs. Stiles' home pinching the drapes and hissing, "Tattle-tale gray, my dear." Not unless they want a cottonmouth in their ruching.

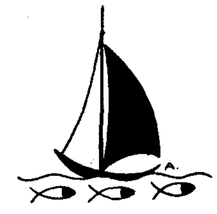
If concern for pets is any index of a warm, generous nature, Mrs. Stiles must be the very paragon of a hostess, and yet there is one passage in her article that makes me think her weekend guests would do well to avoid eating between meals. "In my kitchen," she relates, "I have a white-enameled reptilian apartment house which consists of six compartments, one atop the other, with screen front and sliding side doors to permit individual handling and feeding. On the top story is 5½ feet of untamed Western Diamondback Rattler. Next below is a handsome Texas Indigo. A Minnesota timber and a Montana Prairie Rattlesnake share the lower quarters, while my Gila Monster and Iguana strike up a strange acquaintance the fourth story down. Then there is my African Ball Python and finally my Bull Snake and a blotched Chicken Snake." Here is one household where the temptation to sneak down and raid the icebox should be fought tooth and nail. Fill up at the table, even make a pig of yourself, but don't start casting sheep's eyes at that chestnut dressing when Ruby removes it to the kitchen. You're sitting pretty. And so am I, as long as I can stay up here on top of this ridgepole. Of course, the slates get pretty hot in the daytime and about all I can see is birds, but say, I *like* birds. I wouldn't mind having a bird for a pet—if I ever have another pet.

—S. J. PERELMAN

INTRODUCTION TO A WAR

SPEAKING hastily, you would say that Marge Pitman was incongruous in Chungking, but girls like Marge, cheerful and boisterous and without guile, can be found anywhere in the world—in the Orient, the Solomon Islands, or Russia—working as typists and secretaries. Marge enjoyed Chungking even after living there more than a year. She dwelt and worked on the south bank of the river in what the Japanese called the "protected zone," and so it happened that she had never, in spite of months of residence in the most bombed city of the world, been in an air raid. Oh, she had seen plenty of them across the river. She had climbed a hill and watched through binoculars and had gone timidly to peer at the ruins afterward, but she had never herself been caught on the other side when an alarm sounded. This was just as well, because Marge was terrified of all loud noises and violence—more terrified, that is to say, than most people.

Then, one Sunday morning, she decided to go across the river to see a girl friend of hers who worked in a mission hospital over there. Afterward, Marge could not imagine why she had assumed there would be no air raid on that particular day. There was an air raid almost every day, and most south-bank people, if they were sensible, waited until it was over before making their expeditions. The truth of the matter probably was that Marge had a subconscious feeling, an assurance that everyone takes a rest on Sundays, even Japanese bombers. And she was eager to borrow Helen's play suit for a pattern. She didn't think. She just summoned a sedan chair, and rode down to the ferry, and crossed the river, and took another sedan chair up to the top of the cliff—that cliff which has been the salvation of so many people, honeycombed as it is with dugouts—and there, in the middle of a ravaged and burnt-out street, she bargained for a rickshaw and started for the hospital.



Getting around in Chungking is unbelievably difficult. There are more cars than there are gallons of gasoline, and there aren't many cars. Ordinary people who are not connected with the government have forgotten all about cars. They walk or they use rickshaws or chairs or ponies. Marge knew all about that, and she settled down for a forty-minute ride behind her sweating coolie. She was trundled through jumbled street after street—in one neighborhood there were rows of complete ruins, in another the houses were intact, in still another all the buildings leaned forward or sideways, waiting for one more bomb to make them fall flat. Sometimes these houses were new concrete structures; sometimes they were shabby hovels. Now and then she saw an ancient Chinese building with a tiled roof and guardian lions at the gate of the wall. She knew it all, the little open shops and the big restaurants boarded up for the bombing season; she saw it unseeingly, and drowsed in the heavy sunlight.

A SCURRY in the thronged street woke Marge up. All the coolies and students and women who had been plodding along were trotting now, shouting to each other and pointing up. Marge looked up too, and her stomach flopped right over, for there, on a high bank building which was pitted with shrapnel, hung a red lantern, the first warning of an air raid. She knew that in theory she still had plenty of time to get to safety, but the momentary panic of the street caught her, and she told the coolie to go faster. He did for a few steps, and then, along with the others in the highways, he settled back to his usual gait. It was an old story to them all, and they had plenty of time before the final alarm.

Marge was in what she called "a state" by the time she reached the hospital. The first siren had sounded as her rickshaw turned into the bottom of the street, and that wailing noise worked on her nerves to an amazing extent. The Chinese, who walked by with bundles on their backs, meant nothing to her as human beings—she was a California girl—and she was very lonesome; she wanted the reassuring company of some foreigner—Helen, for choice. Marge could not, of course, speak Chinese except to ask how much something cost. Now she was all alone and forlorn in a Chinese world. It was with a sob of relief that she arrived at the hospital gates.

Everyone there was in the dugout by this time—patients on stretchers, orderlies, nurses, and everybody. In fact, so well drilled was the staff that the door to the dugout was already neatly closed and bolted on the inside by the time Marge arrived. Even the local policeman had taken up his post inside, where he could not hear her pounding on the door.

Helen, as it happened, was not there. No foreigner, as it happened, was there. The alarm had come earlier than usual and several people who ordinarily used this dugout were finding shelter in other caves.

For what seemed like fifteen minutes, Marge pounded on that stubborn door and shouted at the top of her voice. Then the "urgent" siren hooted and wailed, and she nearly fainted. But this last siren brought the policeman out to look for Japanese planes, and he saw Marge and let her in. Thankfully she stumbled through the hole in the hillside into her first dugout, into darkness and coolness and a musty smell.

When she could see in the dim light of an oil lamp, she looked in vain for Helen. Everywhere, lined up on the benches, were Chinese—impassive, patient, uninterested Chinese faces. And the benches were full; Marge stood wilting and bewildered in the middle of the cave, where a trickle of water dripped down on her neck. She was delightfully surprised to hear a voice in English. "Wouldn't you like to sit down here?"

Marge described her later as "a tall Chinese woman, sort of dignified-looking." The fact that she observed a Chinese woman's dignity at all is indicative of her abnormal state of mind. With a sigh of relief, she fell into the space which the woman had made by crowding sideways; at the same time the woman spoke to a soldier, who shifted his feet and left a fairly comfortable place for Marge's. Marge almost snuggled up to her new friend. "I can't *tell* you how nice it is to find somebody I can talk to," she said.

Gravely, the woman smiled in the flickering light of the lamp. She bowed. "Yes, we will be here a long time today," she replied. "There are five hundred planes on the way here."

"*Five* hundred?" gasped Marge. "Five *hundred?* But there can't be. They never send more than a hundred and fifty at one time."

"Five hundred today," said the woman gently. "I know."

"But how do you know?"

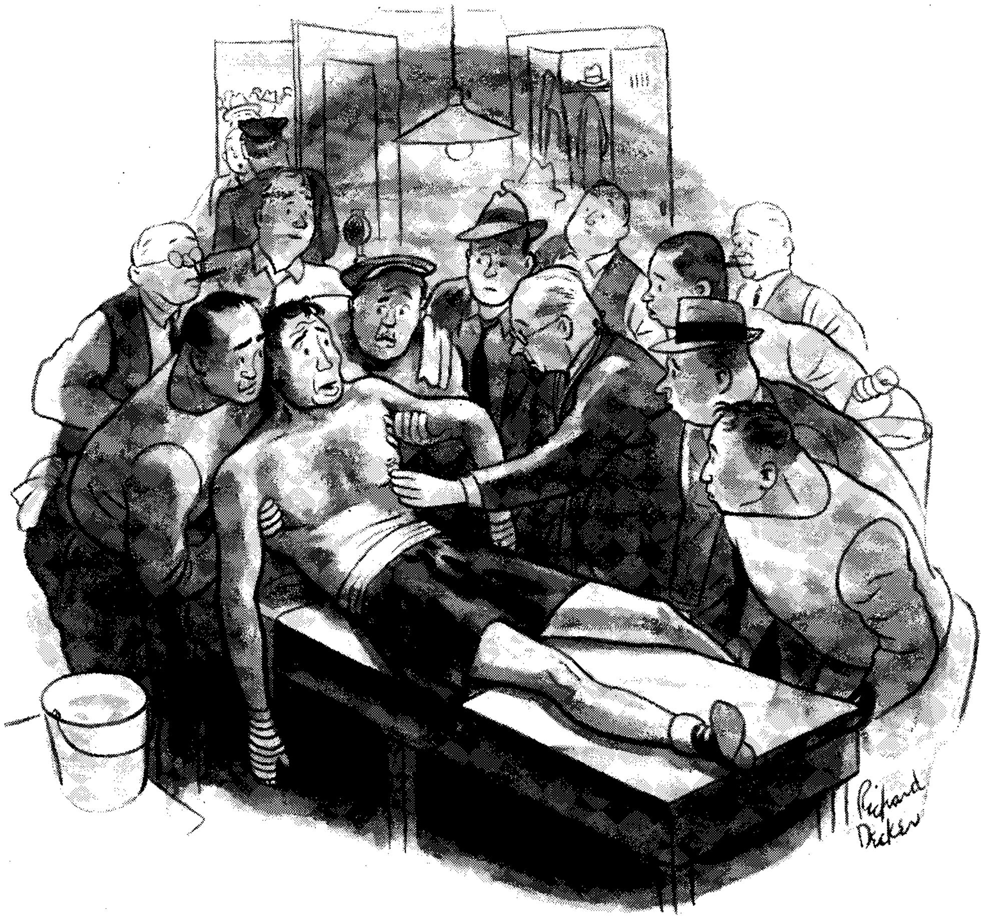
"My husband," said the Chinese woman. "He's in the government."

It did not seem a clinching argument, yet Marge was convinced against her will. "How many flights?" she asked, trembling.

"Oh, eight."

"But they never have more than four in one day."

The woman smiled and shook her



"Then it's just a dream that I'm world's champion?"

head. "Eight today," she said with benevolent firmness.

Marge sat back limply on the bench, her back against the slimy stone wall. "Oh dear!" she quavered. Then she brightened up. "They won't all come to Chungking," she said. "Some are bound to go to Chengtu or Kweiyang, surely."

The Chinese woman shook her head again. "All coming to Chungking," she said.

"Still," Marge protested, "they've been bombing the suburbs lately, the airfields and places like that. Maybe they won't come into town at all."

"Hospital," said her new friend briefly, making an upward gesture to the earth's surface. "They're after this hospital."

It seemed more cheerful, all in all, to keep quiet. Marge sat very still and looked around her at the flickering faces, stolid and patient. Back beyond a wooden grating she saw stretchers of patients, propped up on wooden supports, their nurses standing by in hushed expectancy. She pictured herself lying prone on one of those canvas platforms, staining the cloth with blood. She saw it with horrid clarity and shuddered. She *must* speak.

"Anyway, it's a good dugout," she said brightly. "The rock's very good here."

The Chinese woman shrugged; on her face was that now-familiar grave smile. "Only ten feet deep," she said with her pretty air of authority, and added, "Soft rock."

Her mouth dry, Marge stared wildly at her, picturing the slow suffocation of a cave-in. It was at that moment she heard—or, rather, felt with her ears—a pulsation. The others in the cave were aware of it too. They cupped hands over ears and listened intently. The Chinese woman murmured, "They're coming. They're coming."

When the first sharp crack of anti-aircraft throbbed in the close air of the dugout, Marge had already shrunk into as small a space as possible, her face screwed up in blind agony, her ears tightly plugged by her fingers. The salvo of bombs which followed was not really very loud; the hospital staff was accustomed to much nearer explosions. Only Marge was flustered, but her faithful friend was there at hand, patting her arm soothingly and now and then murmuring, "Ten feet . . . soft rock . . ."

Incredibly soon there was silence again; the dugout was still intact. Marge sat up and swallowed and looked around. Dimly she saw the Chinese woman's face turned toward her with polite kindliness imprinted on its regular features.

"That was the first," the woman said in low, solemn tones. "There will be seven more." She leaned toward Marge. "Did you see," she whispered, "how all the people were swaying in the wind, back and forth, back and forth? That was the concussion."

"N-n-n-o," Marge said with truth. "I didn't notice."

"Next time notice," said the Chinese woman.

DURING the next salvo, Marge squeezed her eyes so tightly shut that she saw stars. It was when this one had subsided and her companion had muttered sepulchrally, "Six more," that she heard a commotion at the mouth of the dugout. Everyone there seemed to be talking at once and dashing in and out. People do, after a salvo; they want to see how much damage has been done in the neighborhood.

"What is it?" asked Marge, clutching at her friend's arm. "What is it? What's happened?"

"Two foreigners outside," said her friend promptly. "Killed." Visions of a mangled Helen swam in Marge's sick brain. "Are you sure?" she said, her teeth chattering. "How do you know? How can you tell?"

"I know," said the Chinese woman in even tones. "Listen. Here comes the third flight. After that there will be five more."

MARGE PITMAN emerged slowly from the dugout at the sound of the all-clear, which came soon after the third flight. She walked with a peculiar step, as if her legs had turned to rubber; her hands groped for support until she had made certain that no foreigners lay in mincemeat near the door of the dugout. Then she moaned softly and tottered toward the hospital.

Back in the cool recesses of the cave, waiting until she could walk forth after the crowd in unhurried stateliness, sat a Chinese woman, looking after Marge with a dreamy, satisfied look in her long, deep eyes.

—EMILY HAHN

* * *

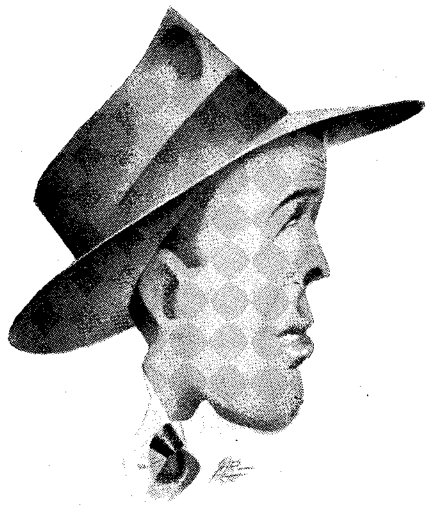
NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Tucson* (*Ariz.*) *Daily Star*]

Boettiger is a broad shouldered, larger than medium built and has all of the frankness of an experienced newspaper man.

PROFILES

ALL IN FUN



Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

IT is hard to explain to a person who doesn't tingle at the sight of a horse precisely what fun Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt gets out of life. Vanderbilt has a stable of one hundred and twenty-five horses but loathes riding; he spends the greater part of his time at race tracks and has an income of around a quarter of a million a year, but doesn't bet, because he feels he can't afford to. Race tracks, to be sure, are supposedly operated not for the benefit of gamblers but for what is sometimes expansively summed up as "the improvement of the breed of thoroughbreds," yet Vanderbilt is only mildly interested in theories of horse-breeding and he has not studied Mendel very seriously. Nevertheless, for all the limitations which he voluntarily or involuntarily places on his connoisseurship of racing, Vanderbilt has an immensely good time based on a fine appreciation of the fact that some horses can run faster than others.

Vanderbilt, a great-great-grandson of the Commodore, is an operator of race tracks, and it would seem that he couldn't have picked a better line of work, although some of his friends think he could have made out just as well as a music publisher. He is a one-finger pianist, but he has an uncannily accurate ear for what the public wants in the way of music. One of his cronies of the moment is the literate musician-around-town Oscar Levant, whom Vanderbilt frequently sets straight on the chances of a popular song just off the press. Last spring, for example, Levant was sure a restrained tune called "From Another World" was going to be a big hit. Vanderbilt turned thumbs down on the number, and was right.

AT twenty-eight, Vanderbilt has just about reached the top of his chosen profession. Within the past two years he has become president of the Pimlico track in Maryland and of Belmont in Nassau County. He is remarkably poorly paid—he gets $2,500 a year from Pimlico and nothing at all from Belmont—but in terms of prestige in racing circles the return is, of course, enormous. He appears, however, to care as little about the prestige as he does about the salary and says that all he wants to do is make racing a better thing. This fervent if rather vague aspiration is something which only a true race-track man can understand. To others it seems that Vanderbilt has let himself in for the responsibilities of running race tracks simply because, as a fellow with a certain amount of nervous energy and not exceptionally wide interests, he finds this a congenial means of keeping busy.

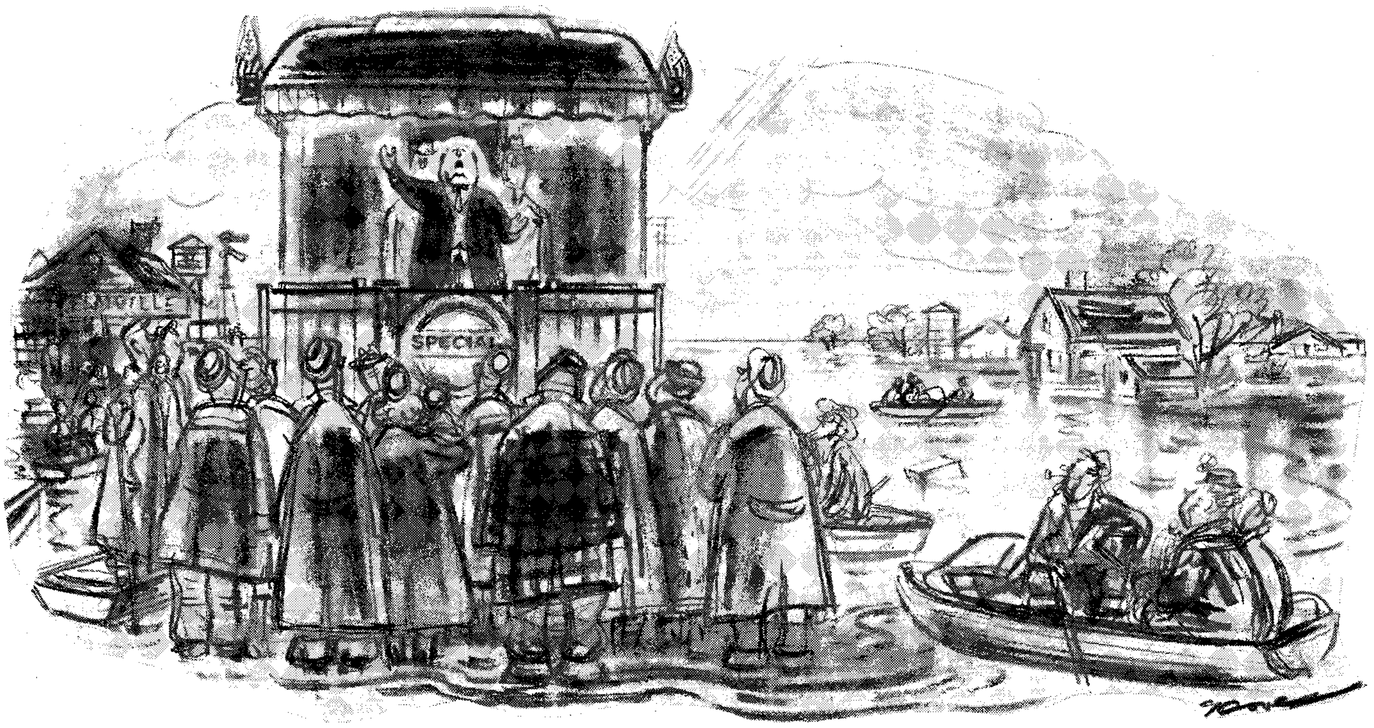
His increased duties haven't aged him any, and, despite his years, his looks and speech suggest a debonair adolescent. He is tall and slender, with a thin, pale face, a relatively wide forehead, and thick brown hair which comes down into a slightly uneven widow's peak in front—the result of having been hit by a falling branch while sleigh-riding in the Adirondacks with his mother years ago. He smiles easily and speaks unaffectedly. His voice is high and boyish, and he frequently points up his remarks with race-track idioms, especially when he has a swarm of racing people about him, which he very often has. When he's away from the track, his English is as good as anybody else's, but in discussing the outcome of a race with his jockey, Vanderbilt will say, "We got beat" or "We win easy." He has a disarming way of calling people he likes by their first names after a brief acquaintance. These people are as likely to be jockeys, newspapermen, or night-club entertainers as they are owners of big stables and estates on Long Island. In his childhood, Vanderbilt spent much of his time in the company of governesses and nurses, a fact which has led Levant to remark, "Alfred was brought up by poor people, and that's why he doesn't know how to get on with rich ones." Vanderbilt cares little about formal society and is inclined to feel uneasy when there are too many self-important people around. He likes old hats and old cars. Some years ago, when his mother gave him a burnt-orange Rolls-Royce roadster as a birthday present, he drove it a few times so that her feelings wouldn't be hurt, but soon put it away and returned to the well-worn black Cadillac he had been using. He has been described as "a man you'll like as far as he'll let you." He can be, and frequently is, brutally rude to bores and to those he suspects of being cleverer than he is. He never flares up when he is angry but speaks acidly and forthrightly. Once, in the middle of an argument with a jockey who, he thought, had let him down, he turned to his trainer and said in a cold monotone, "Give that night-club dancer back his contract," and walked away.

Occasionally Vanderbilt's sense of humor can be as youthful as his appearance. One summer a few years ago he had quite a time at the expense of some Long Island motorboat salesmen. When things got dull at his mother's estate at Sands Point, he would call up one boat-dealer or another, giving his name and saying that he was thinking of buying a cabin cruiser and would like a demonstration. A salesman would hustle around with a boat and Vanderbilt would invite his friends to come along for a ride—frequently to Coney Island, which is one of his favorite resorts. Back at Sands Point, Vanderbilt, who had no idea of buying a boat, would tell the salesman that he'd let him know. A few days later some other dealer would get the call. This went on until the dealers reluctantly concluded that he was not really in the market for a boat.

VANDERBILT never had any doubt that he was going to devote his life to horses, but he was as surprised as anyone else to find himself with the affairs of two tracks on his hands so early in the game. Three years ago, at the age of twenty-five, he was elected to the Jockey Club, thus becoming the youngest member ever admitted to that venerable body of fifty gentlemen, which has jurisdiction over all the race tracks in this state. The year before, the Maryland Jockey Club, which operates Pimlico, had made him one of its directors, a compliment occasionally paid to a socially desirable owner whose stable has had a successful season. Vanderbilt dropped in at the next meeting of the board and by chance cast the vote that upset the existing order at Pimlico. The big question before the board that afternoon was whether or not liquor should be sold at the track, which was having a thin time financially. Some of the directors thought that serving liquor would be a sound means of coming out nearer even. The conservatives were against it. One by one, the directors announced where they stood on the issue and why. Vanderbilt, as the newcomer, politely waited until all the others had had their say, and when his turn came the vote was a tie. In a room full of older men he hardly knew, he voted for liquor, explaining that he thought it would be better to have a bar, or even several bars, at the track than to go on the way they were, with people stumbling over empty bottles in the stands. Robert Walden, who had been vice-president of the track for twenty years, resigned on the spot, and Matt Daiger, who had been secretary of the organization for twice as long, shouted, "I'll sell all my stock in the track right now for a hundred and fifty dollars a share!" No one took him up. "I'll sell it for a hundred and twenty-five then," Daiger offered. "I'll buy it for a hundred and twenty-five," Vanderbilt replied, and the deal went through. Daiger owned ninety of the forty-five hundred shares in the Maryland Jockey Club and Vanderbilt took them over for $11,250; they would be worth about $5,000 today, for Pimlico, which was losing money when Vanderbilt became interested in it, has continued to do so. Since then, in a declining market, he has bought his way considerably further into the club and now owns nearly half the stock.

Before long, Vanderbilt was elected vice-president and then president of the Pimlico track. The people of Baltimore have always thought of Pimlico as snobbish, and Vanderbilt set about trying to make the place popular. He has not been entirely successful. He put in a public-address system, revived old races, and inaugurated new ones. He was the first operator of an Eastern track to install the Puett starting gate, a device designed to facilitate getting all of the horses in a race off at the same time, which originated in the West and has since been adopted on all New York and New England tracks. He has increased the size of the purses and spent $58,000 removing a hillock from the infield which had made it impossible for customers at the rail to see the horses running on a certain part of the backstretch. The patrons now have a better view of the horses and better horses to view, but still the attendance is not good. Last year Pimlico lost $16,000. Vanderbilt's biggest stunt at Pimlico so far was the race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral two years ago this fall. Earlier in the year every important track in the country except Pimlico had been bidding hungrily for the event. Belmont finally landed it by offering a purse of $100,000, but the match was called off at the last minute because something happened to Seabiscuit's legs. Vanderbilt, who at the time had no interest in Belmont, began to dicker for the race and finally, though he put up a purse of only $15,000, got it. The fact that Seabiscuit was owned by Charles Howard, whose niece Vanderbilt had just married, has been credited with an assist in the success of these negotiations. War Admiral's owner, Sam Riddle, was only a slightly harder nut to crack. Vanderbilt told him that War Admiral would have no trouble beating Seabiscuit, and Riddle, who likes to hear nice things said about his horses, capitulated. Seabiscuit won.

Simple as it may sound, such statesmanship is relatively rare around race tracks, and it impressed Vanderbilt's cousin, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, who was, and still is, one of the principal stockholders in the Westchester Racing Association. This is the corporate setup behind Belmont Park, which is capitalized at $2,000,000 and probably costs more to operate than any other track in the country, because of the care with which it is maintained and the large purses it offers. When Joseph E. Widener, another large stockholder, resigned the presidency of Belmont, Whitney had no trouble in prevailing upon the board of governors to offer Vanderbilt the job. Feeling that control of the track is in safe and sympathetic hands, Vanderbilt has bought only the mini-



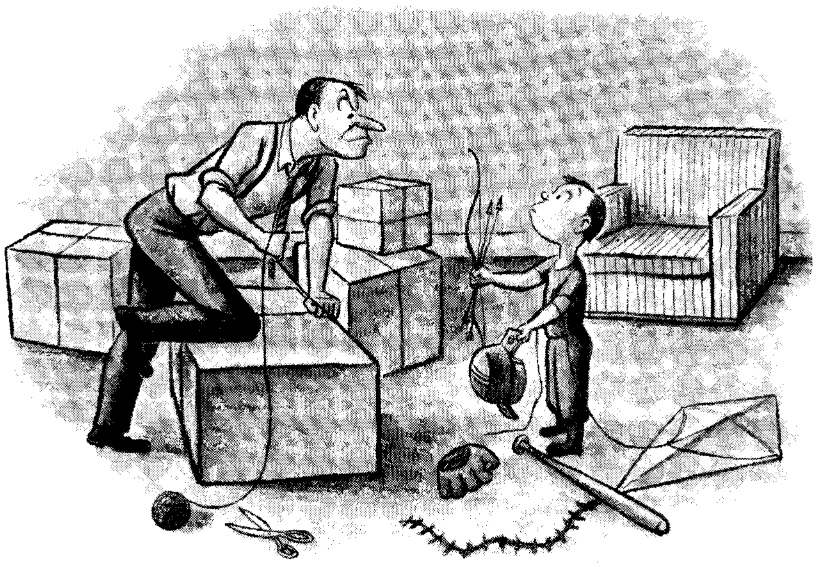
". . . and, in conclusion, a word about flood control."

mum five shares of stock required of a director. Since he took over at Belmont there has been a marked increase in attendance—316,500 admissions at the meeting this spring as against 229,200 last year—but his advent coincided so nicely with the arrival of pari-mutuel betting that it is hard to say how much of the improvement can be attributed to him and how much to the pari-mutuel machines. Belmont makes a little money for its owners. Last year its expenses, including taxes, came to about $1,100,000, which was some $58,000 less than its income.

THERE was a time, three or four years ago, when Vanderbilt was regularly photographed in night clubs, sitting now with this and now with that young lady, usually of Hollywood extraction. The pictures, which were widely circulated by the tabloids, usually showed the lady with a glass at her elbow and Vanderbilt with a cup of coffee at his, for he never drinks alcohol. The pictures were often accompanied by captions describing Vanderbilt as heir to $20,000,000. This figure, Vanderbilt says, is a gross exaggeration; actually, he considers himself worth only about $8,500,000, and it will be a long while before he gets his hands on all of that. His fortune, in money already received or anticipated, is derived from his share in estates left by his father, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who went down on the Lusitania in 1915, and by his mother's father, Isaac Emerson, who founded the firm that makes Bromo-Seltzer. The elder Vanderbilt left young Alfred $5,857,000 in government bonds, with the stipulation that his son was to receive the principal and accumulated interest in equal quarterly installments on his twenty-first, twenty-fifth, thirtieth, and thirty-fifth birthdays. This means about $2,000,000 more to Vanderbilt every time the right anniversary rolls around. For years the estate has been handled, the surplus reinvested, and the taxes paid by a man named Harold Lockwood, of 230 Park Avenue, whom Vanderbilt usually refers to as "an accountant." He has never been in Lockwood's office. Emerson, who died in 1931, left Vanderbilt a two-per-cent interest in a $9,000,000 trust fund; Vanderbilt's mother, the former Margaret Emerson of Baltimore, has a thirty-five-per-cent interest in the fund, which in 1951 will be divided on a corresponding percentage basis among the beneficiaries.

MOVING DAY

Take it or leave it?



Last-minute emergency

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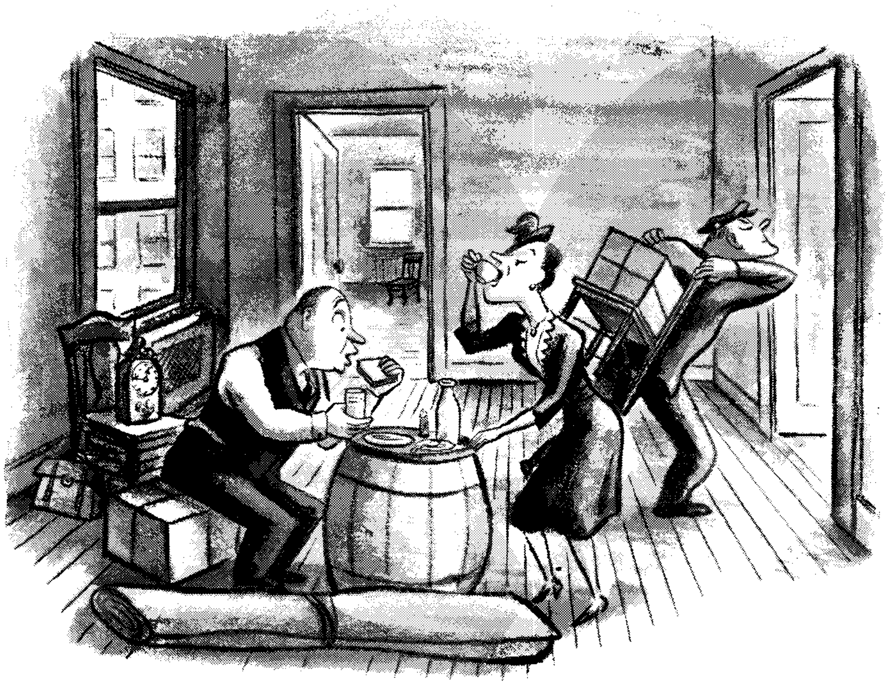
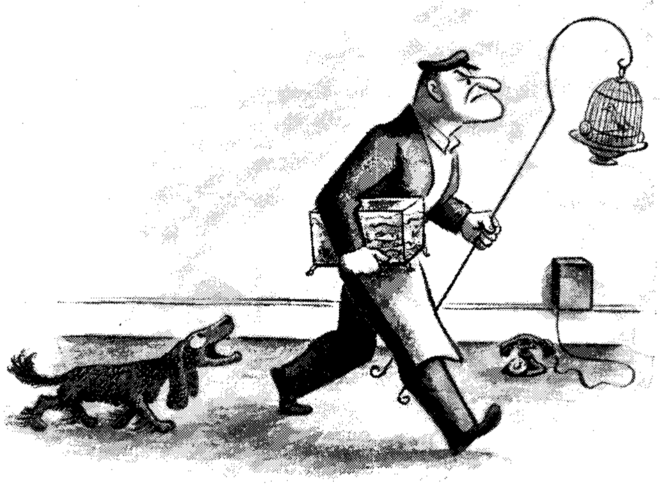
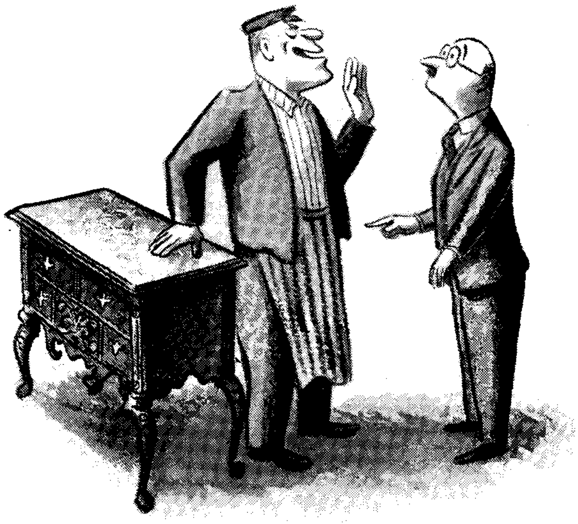
Vanderbilt's father was a distinguished member of the Coaching Club, an organization which used to be more active than it is now in keeping coaching alive as a sport, and won quantities of cups and blue ribbons in horse shows at the old Madison Square Garden and in Newport and London. He tried diligently to preserve the Georgian and early-Victorian flavor of coaching and frequently drove a red-and-white coach around town. Alfred's mother was the elder Vanderbilt's second wife. Under a premarital agreement, she waived dower rights in his estate in return for a lump-sum settlement of $2,000,000, which has dwindled considerably through the years. She has been married and divorced twice since Vanderbilt died and now uses her maiden name, calling herself Mrs. Margaret Emerson. She is a restless soul who has been around the world eight times and is an expert poker and croquet player. She is almost as fond of racing as is Alfred and loves to attend prizefights. When she isn't travelling abroad, she usually spends her summers at Sands Point and her autumns at Sagamore, a camp she owns on Raquette Lake in the Adirondacks. The rest of the time she is likely to be either at Palm Beach or in Hon-

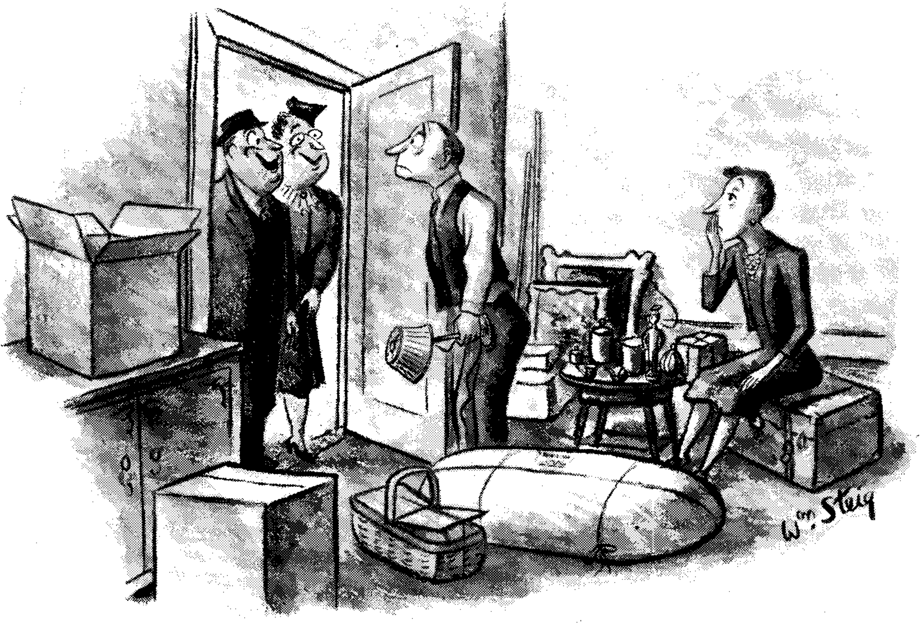


Hurried snack





"Now, just don't worry."



Unexpected callers

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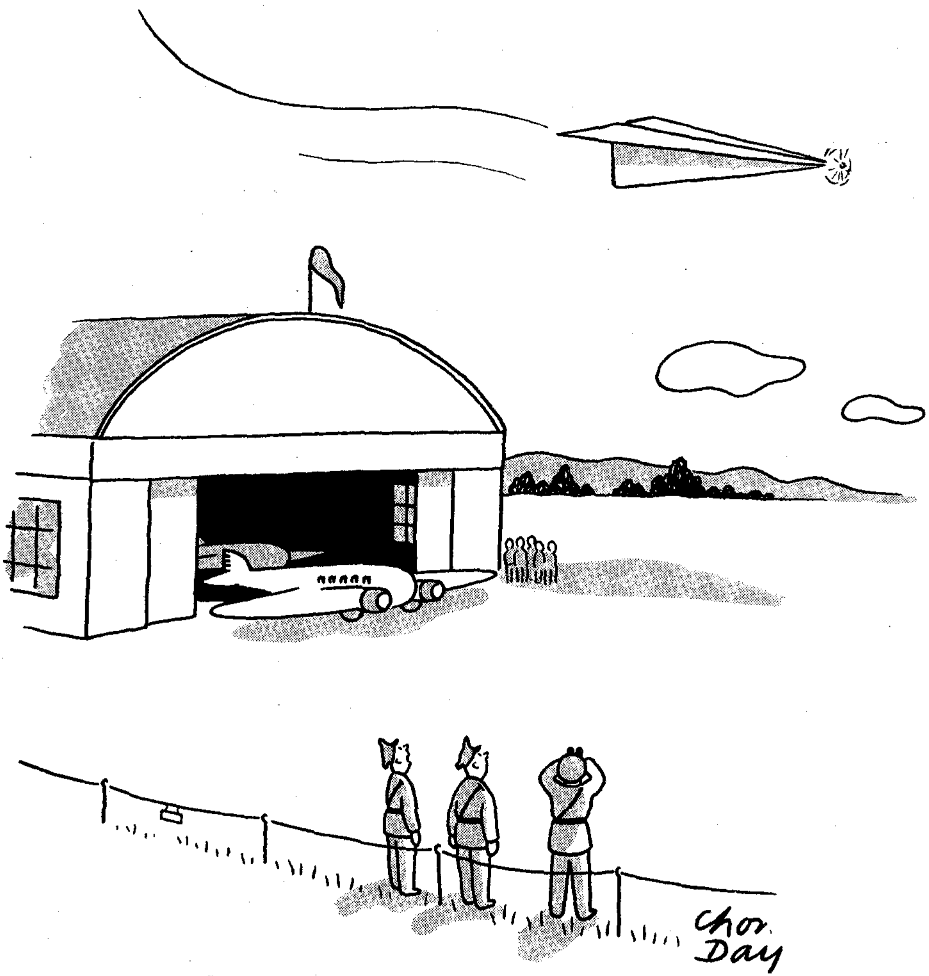
olulu, where Alfred's younger brother, George, has a place. George Vanderbilt, who is twenty-six, shares equally with Alfred in the Vanderbilt and Emerson estates. He has a home at Sands Point and a hunting preserve in South Carolina, but is happiest when he's in Africa or in tropical waters after big game and strange fish. He is married to the former Lucille Merriam Parsons of West Orange, New Jersey, and has a two-year-old daughter. He cares nothing at all about racing. Among Alfred's other relatives are a half-brother, William H. Vanderbilt, who is Governor of Rhode Island, and a half-sister, Mrs. Henry J. Topping, Jr., the former Gloria Baker.

THE president of Belmont Park was born in London on September 22, 1912, and spent the first year and a half of his life there. He was sickly as a youngster and was fussed over a good deal by tutors and governesses. For a while, after he was brought to this country, he attended the Florida-Adirondack School, which moves its pupils North and South in step with the weather. He showed a precocious interest in racing. His mother took him to see his first race, The Preakness, when he was eleven, and he made his first bet (this was long before he decided betting was too expensive) that same afternoon. He placed a dollar on a horse named Tall Timber, who was coupled in the betting with a horse named Vigil, which meant that if either animal won, the bet would be paid. Tall Timber finished fifth, and Alfred, who didn't yet know all the rules of betting, was on the point of deciding that racing wasn't much fun when his mother's betting commissioner came up and handed him $5.50. Vigil had won. Not long after that, Vanderbilt's mother bought some horses and established the Sagamore Stable on a



"I understand the basic patents are held by some school child."

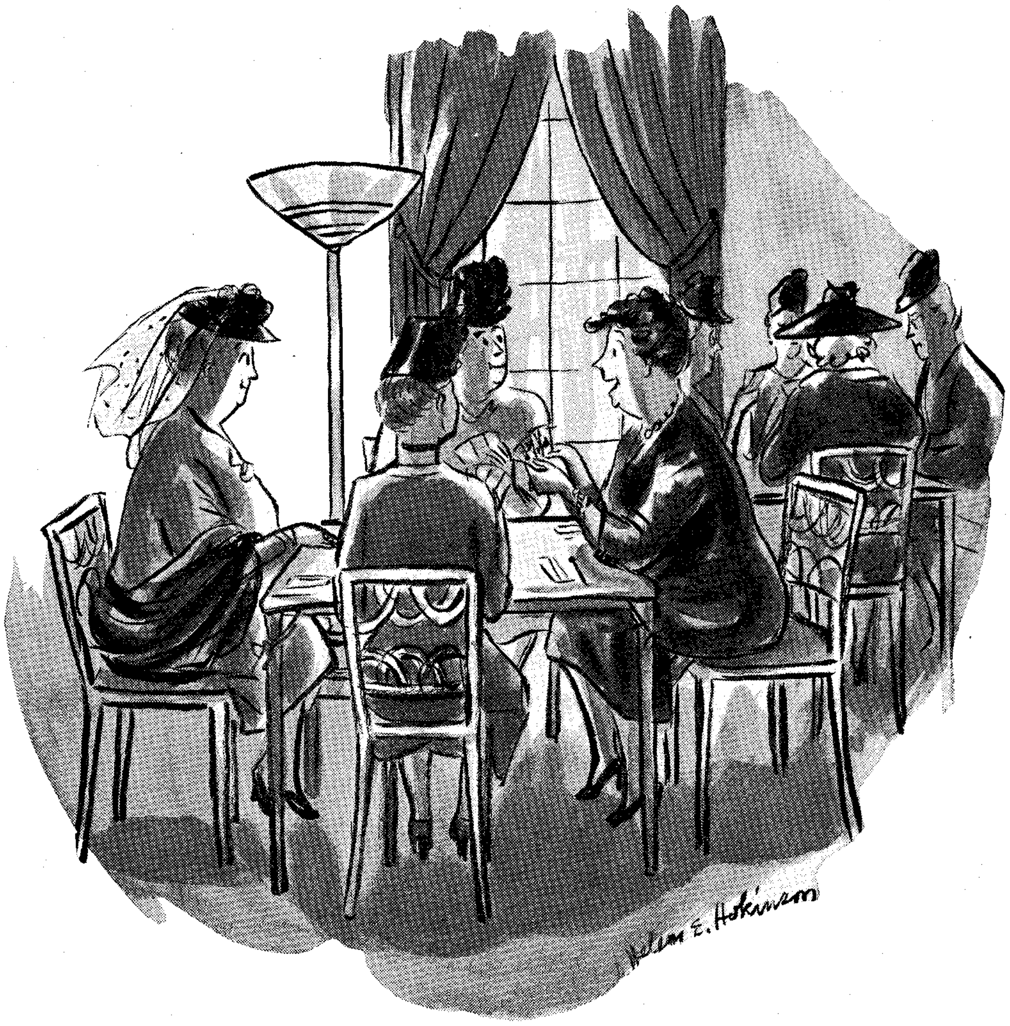
six-hundred-acre farm given to her by her father, at Glyndon, Maryland, just outside of Baltimore. Vanderbilt took to hanging around the stables and visiting tracks with his mother's trainer, Bud Stotler, just as often as he could get away from home.

When he was fourteen, he was sent to St. Paul's School, where he arranged to have the *Daily Racing Form* mailed to him so that he could follow the doings of his favorites. It arrived every morning sealed, at Vanderbilt's request, in a plain envelope, for he suspected that the faculty might not approve of such reading matter. In the winter of 1929, during his third year in school, he made a future book on the Kentucky Derby, which was to be run in May, accepting small-change bets on whatever horses his classmates cared to back, at odds highly favorable to himself. He cleaned up handsomely when a horse named Clyde Van Dusen, on whom no one at the school had thought to wager, came in first. For all their willingness to bet, however, most of the boys Vanderbilt met at school regarded his earnest preoccupation with racing as queer and looked down on the little bookie in their midst. Vanderbilt was lonely and unhappy at St. Paul's, and when he went on to Yale he found things not much better. He stuck it out there for a dreary year and a half and then quit to go around the world with his mother. He has never entirely recovered from the way he was treated at school, and the almost hostile reserve which he now shows in the presence of persons whom he considers too self-assured or cocky is probably a holdover from those days.

Stopping off in Kenya Colony on his trip around the world, Vanderbilt picked up a few words of Swahili, which have since given him more fun than a few words of Swahili would give most people. At Coney Island, a year or two after the round-the-world jaunt, he took a liking to a sideshow in which a Negro named Woo Foo was billed as an African witch doctor. Vanderbilt paid several visits to the show, and on each occasion, when Woo Foo reached the climax of his act, shouted out questions in Swahili—questions which Woo Foo couldn't understand. Finally, Vanderbilt said in English, "You're either a very dumb African witch doctor or you're a fake," at which Woo Foo broke down, confessed that he didn't know Swahili or any other African language and that Coney was the furthest he'd ever been from Harlem, and begged Vanderbilt to go away and leave him alone.

A FEW months after his trip with his mother, Vanderbilt returned to Africa to do some big-game hunting and bagged two elephants and a lion. Then, his travels over, he settled down to racing. He had bought his first horse two years earlier at one of the sales at Saratoga. It wasn't much of a horse, and in the excitement of bidding he paid too much for it, but he had made his start. His mother, at about this time, wasn't doing well with her Sagamore Stable. At first she had had a few successful years and had kept more than fifty horses. Subsequently her luck turned and she decided that the stable was too expensive to keep up. Seven years ago, on Vanderbilt's twenty-first birthday, she gave him Sagamore and what few horses she had left. Vanderbilt and the trainer, Stotler, who went with the stable, set about buying dozens of horses. Stotler treated his employer more as an assistant trainer than as an owner, and Vanderbilt frequently found himself being sent to a minor track with a small string of horses on the day when one of his best animals was going to run in an important race elsewhere. He didn't mind; in fact, he rather liked the way Stotler made him go out on his own. Within two years the Sagamore Stable had eighty-six animals in training, and in 1935 Vanderbilt led the list of winning owners with a total of $303,605. His net profit, however, even in that astonishing year, was something under $50,000 (it costs him $6 a day simply to keep a horse in training), and Vanderbilt has since decided that the expense of maintaining so large a stable is too great. He now has twenty-five horses in training, and their upkeep, together with that of his stud at Sagamore Farm, costs him about $200,000 a year. Last season, his racers won $120,125 and he sold $40,000 worth of yearlings and older animals, so his loss for the year was around $40,000—inconsequential, as stables go. The best horse Vanderbilt ever had, and the one who accounted for his big winnings, was Discovery, whom he bought for $25,000 and who won, in all, $195,287.

Vanderbilt tried to repeat his success by paying the same price for Adventurer, a full brother of Discovery. Adventurer was never good enough to race. The



"After the next hand, let's feed the inner man. Eh, girls?"

Lunch will begin with Campbell's Clam Chowder, and the "inner man" may consider himself well served. For along with the freshly-gathered clams and tangy clam broth, here are tomatoes and diced potatoes for sound nourishment, and racy seasonings for keen flavor.

Nearly everybody enjoys this soup, but the choosy chowder fancier says the wonder of Campbell's Clam Chowder is the clams. So tender, so meaty, and *so many of them!* Laid end to end, he'll tell you, the clams in a plate of Campbell's chowder would put the average restaurant chowder to shame. Hunched comfortably over his steaming plate you will hear him murmur wistfully, "No place like home . . . no chowder like Campbell's . . ."

Campbell's CLAM CHOWDER

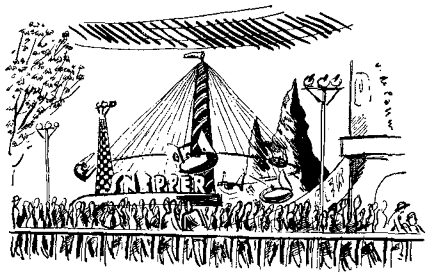
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

purchase was an easy enough mistake to make, but Vanderbilt may have been led astray more easily than men of greater experience because of a certain naïve faith he has in the simplicity of eugenics. He will have nothing to do with the involved theories, held by many breeders who know a good deal about the business, of matching pedigrees and bloodlines. "You breed a good mare to a good stallion," he says, "and you get a good foal. You can swear to that in court." Unfortunately, it doesn't always work out that way, as Vanderbilt's own experience is proving. He has bred a lot of good mares, who have produced mediocre offspring, and none of his foals has become great. His best two so far are Galley Slave, who set a world's record for three furlongs at Santa Anita and then developed leg trouble, and Now What, the best two-year-old filly of 1939, who hasn't won a race this year, although she's tried often.

After a bad season in 1938, in which his stable won only $60,285, Vanderbilt and Stotler parted company and since that time Vanderbilt has done most of the training himself. A trainer's job calls for intuition in knowing what a horse needs in the way of exercise and when the animal will be in shape to run his best. Although Vanderbilt feels competent to do this, he keeps a trainer, Lee McCoy, largely as a favor to the Racing Commission. He knows that there is always a chance of someone's tampering with one of his horses, and that if this should happen, the Commission would be obliged to suspend whoever is listed as the Sagamore trainer. Vanderbilt suspects the Commission would be embarrassed by the necessity of disciplining the president of two tracks.

Some of Vanderbilt's predecessors at Belmont and Pimlico have lacked his singleness of purpose and, busy with other affairs, have left the details of administration to subordinates. Vanderbilt can't see his job that way, and when either of his tracks is open he putters around it from daybreak to sundown. To him, the presidency of a race track means not only determining matters of policy but also assuming the responsibilities of a general superintendent in seeing that everything goes smoothly. Despite a fondness for people who keep him up late, he is a consistently early riser. His working day, when there is racing at Belmont or Pimlico, starts at six, when he arrives at the track in a Buick convertible driven by Mike McGrath, his chauffeur and favorite servant, who holds a trainer's licence in Maryland and knows almost as much as Vanderbilt does about horses. Vanderbilt goes first to his own stables, where his racers are groomed and fed before they are taken out by exercise boys for their morning workouts. He accompanies the first lot of them—six or eight, say—to the track, where he watches their movements critically, times them in their gallops, and compares notes with McCoy. At the end of each gallop, Vanderbilt asks the exercise boy, "How'd he go today?," to which the reply nearly always is "He went all right," a ritual that, if not very helpful, is at least comforting. When Vanderbilt has watched the performances of whatever horses he has in training, he has breakfast—in his trainer's cottage at Belmont, at the lunch counter under the grandstand at Pimlico. Next he makes the rounds of all the stables, talking to owners, trainers, and grooms, and listening to their criticisms or suggestions about the management of the track. He winds up the morning in the administrative offices, checking with the racing secretary to see how many entries have come in for the next day's races and conferring with the track's publicity director, the stewards, who supervise the races, the head of the mutuel department, salesmen, and promoters, who come to him with all sorts of ideas for doing things differently. Vanderbilt always watches his own horses run, but he doesn't always sit through all the races and may take time off to stroll around and inspect the grounds. Toward evening he receives and studies reports of the day's receipts and at about seven leaves for home, after a look into his stable to make sure the horses are all right.

VANDERBILT first met the girl he married, Manuela Maria Hudson, whom her friends call Mollie, on the day, two years ago, when his Galley Slave set the world's record at Santa Anita. He was introduced to her by her uncle, Charles Howard, whose box adjoined Vanderbilt's. They were married four months later at his mother's home at Sands Point and now have a daughter, Wendy. Vanderbilt has acquired two homes for his family. One, The Lindens, which he bought, is a thirty-room house next to the estates of his mother and brother at Sands Point. This cost him, he says, "a lot of money," which probably means something like $100,000. The other is a house, larger than The Lindens, which he built at Sagamore Farm. Sands Point is handy to the Belmont Park, Aqueduct, and Jamaica tracks and not too far from Empire City, and when there is racing at any of them, Vanderbilt sleeps at The Lindens and is driven to the track early in the morning.



The Merchant Tailors and Designers Association recently picked Vanderbilt as one of the twenty-five best-dressed men in the country. His friends think the tailors must have overlooked several more likely candidates. They recall that in college his wardrobe consisted of four suits, a tuxedo left over from his prep-school days, an old polo coat, and the usual odds and ends. With such skimpy material, there wasn't much for a valet to do in New Haven, but he had one anyway. Vanderbilt couldn't be bothered with fittings, and when he wanted a new suit he would just tell his man to go out and buy it. He has increased his supply of clothes since then, but he still doesn't care much about what he wears. He is even more indifferent to politics and says he has never voted because he is always busy at Pimlico on Election Day. He is something of a baseball fan and has recently taken up with Larry MacPhail, president of the Dodgers, with whom he sits on occasional visits to Ebbets Field, arguing about technical points of the game. He likes to watch good tennis and plays a mild game himself, usually with his friend Marshall Cassidy, steward of the Racing Commission. A side line of Vanderbilt's, of which he is extremely proud, is the Sagamore Press, a publishing house he supports in order to get out a book called "American Race Horses," an annual "Who's Who" of racers.

Like most men of considerable wealth, Vanderbilt is wary of being imposed upon by spongers. He becomes furious when he suspects that someone is trying to do him out of anything. Once, after he had been in a minor automobile accident, he came upon a newspaper headline which read, "Vanderbilt Shaken Up in Crash," and remarked feelingly that it was a pleasant change from Vanderbilt being shaken down. He is generous toward his friends in a spasmodic, impulsive way. If he hears of a person he likes being in need of cash, he is apt to write out a check; when he invites an acquaintance to visit him—in Florida or California, say—he will en-close a ticket with the invitation if he thinks it will be appreciated.

Last March, Vanderbilt took part in a radio broadcast of "We, the People," a program in which persons who, for one reason or another, are prominent in the news are given an opportunity to talk about themselves or their interests. Vanderbilt, who fancies himself as a writer, used his own script in preference to one prepared for him by the studio, and appealed to the public to propose names for a couple of his colts. The sponsors do not ordinarily pay people for participating in this program, although they do make good any expenses incurred. Vanderbilt's expenses were negligible, but he felt that in view of the trouble he had gone to in preparing a script he was entitled to some remuneration. His broadcast brought him thousands of letters from listeners but no check, and after waiting a while he wrote the sponsors a brusque note, pointing out that he hadn't been paid. Promptly he received an apologetic letter from them, together with a check for $300, explaining that they had no idea he'd be interested in so small a sum. Vanderbilt, mollified, turned the money over to the Turf Aid Society, which helps provide for jockeys and trainers who have come on hard times.

—G. F. T. RYALL

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(DIRTY DIAMOND DIVISION)

... swarthy and covered with dirty diamonds ... —*From "Night in Bombay," by Louis Bromfield, page 3.*

... her dark hands began to rattle back and forth again and the dirty diamonds to glitter darkly. —*Ibid., page 53.*

She wore a mass of old-fashioned jewelry set with dirty diamonds and rubies ... —*Ibid., page 120.*

... from the dirty diamonds he gathered that she must be rich ... —*Ibid., page 122.*

She felt the touch of the hand covered with dirty diamonds ... —*Ibid., page 273.*

(LEATHERY SKIN DIVISION)

Mrs. Trollope only sat there, hard and neat and controlled, the leathery tint of her face gone a waxen white ... —*Ibid., page 56.*

... as if her own sallow leathery skin had become clear and transparent ... —*Ibid., page 86.*

For Mrs. Trollope, her face now leathery and gray ... —*Ibid., page 161.*

... the very picture of tough, leathery Mrs. Trollope ... —*Ibid., page 170.*

Disappointment turned all the million lines of Mrs. Trollope's leathery face downward. —*Ibid., page 261.*

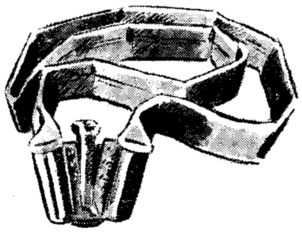
... the sweat streaming down her leathery face. —*Ibid., page 278.*

She was like a leathery unattractive little animal ... —*Ibid., page 318.*

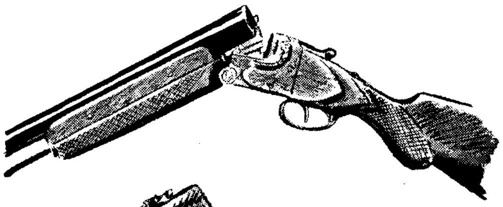
THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Partridge Prize!

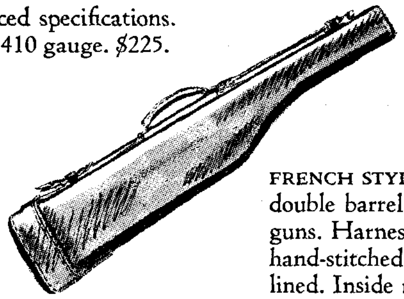
A whirr...and he's off in a beat of wings!
Take him with a fast-acting A & F shotgun.
All types are here...at every price. Francotte's superb Jubilee model represents the modern gun at its best.
12 to .410 gauge, $250.



EVER READY SHELL CARRIER—imported, for 24 shells, 12 to 20 gauge. Slips over shoulder, releasing either one or two shells at a time. $5.50.



A & F UNDER-AND-OVER SHOTGUN—imported, beautifully designed, and made to the most advanced specifications. 12 to .410 gauge. $225.



FRENCH STYLE GUN CASE—for double barrel or over-and-under guns. Harness leather, hand-stitched seams and flannel lined. Inside rod pocket. $15.

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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

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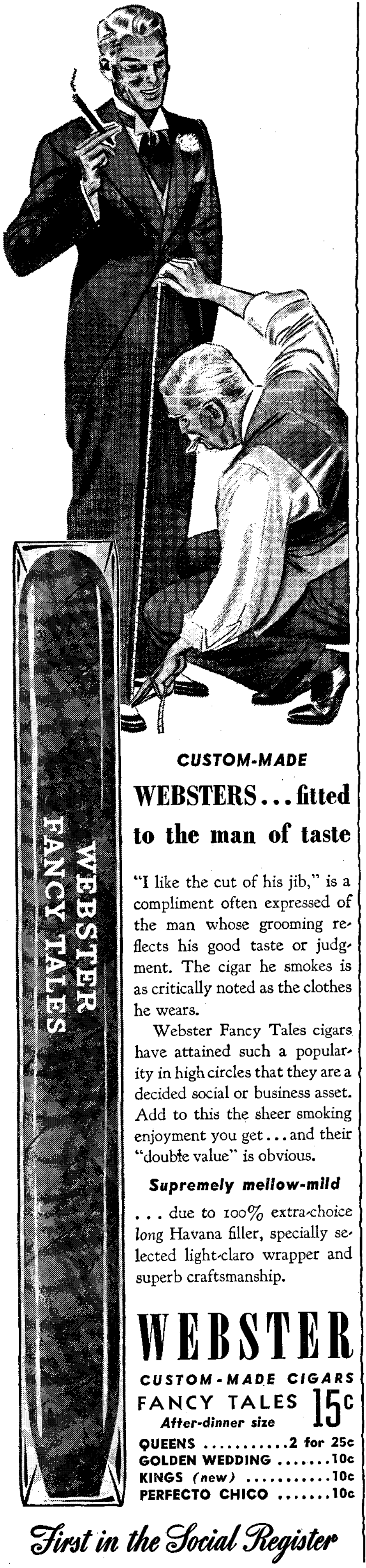


CUSTOM-MADE

WEBSTERS...fitted to the man of taste

"I like the cut of his jib," is a compliment often expressed of the man whose grooming reflects his good taste or judgment. The cigar he smokes is as critically noted as the clothes he wears.

Webster Fancy Tales cigars have attained such a popularity in high circles that they are a decided social or business asset. Add to this the sheer smoking enjoyment you get...and their "double value" is obvious.

Supremely mellow-mild

... due to 100% extra-choice *long* Havana filler, specially selected light-claro wrapper and superb craftsmanship.

WEBSTER

CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

FANCY TALES 15c
After-dinner size

QUEENS ....2 for 25c
GOLDEN WEDDING 10c
KINGS *(new)* 10c
PERFECTO CHICO 10c

First in the Social Register

THE THEATRE

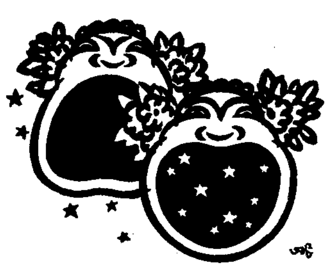
JUST RELAX

Brooks Atkinson, discussing "Johnny Belinda," which stormed into the Belasco one night last week, remarked that in his opinion the author lacked a certain inner refinement. Mr. Atkinson's chilly comment, it seems to me, sums up practically everything you need to know about this enterprise, but for that little band of *aficionados* who love the theatre even at its most drunk and disorderly, a few further notes are appended. Elmer Harris, the unrefined character in question, has set his almost too abundant action on Prince Edward Island, 2,184 square miles of rich, sandy loam, lying in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, just north of Nova Scotia. Claimed for the French by Cartier in 1534 and acquired by the British in 1758, this plot of ground, originally known as Isle St. Jean, is famous for Malpeque oysters, hake, herring, and cod. The fields are rich with hay, clover, and mangels, and inland there are many fox farms. The mean annual temperature is 42° Fahrenheit. The population is 88,038, almost all of whom turn up in one or another of the ten crowded scenes of Mr. Harris's fandango. The factual items in this paragraph, by the way, must be credited to the Messrs. Rand McNally; the critical opinion is my own, or, rather, Mr. Atkinson's.

Anyway, it appears that in this paradise (annual rainfall 39.27; birch, maple, and spruce very plentiful in the low hills; factories, canneries, and mills profuse in the towns) there is a serpent called Locky McCormick, who, after marrying a plain girl for her money, seduces a deaf-mute for his private entertainment, with, of course, the usual consequences. There is also a young physician, Dr. Jack Davidson, who teaches the unfortunate young woman how to represent fish, hens, and even babies with her hands, so she really gets quite talkative in a limited way.

Well, the baby is born, and lightning strikes an old party listed in the program as Black McDonald, and the dummy shoots her seducer because he won't leave her alone, and there is a trial at Charlottetown, at the end of which she is paroled in the custody of the doctor. That, in essence, is the plot of "Johnny Belinda," except that I forgot to mention that the emotional stress of being on trial for her life does something to the heroine's vocal chords, and she is able to pronounce the single word "Johnny," referring, I imagine, to the baby, though I am embarrassed to say that I had left before this miracle took place, and can only repeat what I was told by dauntless friends.

Miss Helen Craig plays the deaf-mute with a dignity and grace worthy of a considerably better cause, and if, in the scenes in which she cradles an imaginary baby in her arms, she is apt to suggest a mute Al Jolson, so, I guess, would Duse. Of the rest, I recall Horace McNally as the doctor, Willard Parker as the scamp to whom not even deaf-mutes are sacred, and Louis Hector, whose death in the thunderstorm seemed both arbitrary and sad.
—Wolcott Gibbs



* * *

THE UNDERTAKER'S CLOCK

The undertaker on our block
Has bought himself a fine new clock.
Incongruous and comical
To find a clock on such a wall!
On the street, below its face,
The undead feverishly race
With bitten lips and futile feet
To reach some other barren street,
Pausing but long enough to see
Whatever the o'clock may be.
The seconds come and go like breath,
Indifferent to life and death,
Oblivious to shroud and pall,
To coffin and to burial,
To him who lies in waxen sleep,
To those who stand apart and weep,
To the slogan couched in pride:
"Our funerals are dignified."
—Selma Robinson

OF ALL THINGS

THE Nazis are annoyed at the refusal of the British to succumb to bombardment. Hitler may lose patience and pass a law abolishing the English Channel.

•

The R.A.F. continues its fierce attacks upon Germany and her seaports. Unfortunately, we have no evidence that they have ever hit Marshal Göring or any portion thereof.

•

All signs indicate that Franco is about to be taken into the Axis. The Spanish are entitled to partnership because of their totalitarian ideology and light eating.

•

G.O.P. leaders discount the latest Gallup poll, which indicates a Roosevelt victory. Those noses were counted before Willkie revealed that F.D.R. was the cause of the European war.

•

Democratic Party literature glosses over the fact that Roosevelt has already had two terms, and the Republicans are being coy about Willkie's record as a New York utilities lawyer. Everyone's doing his best to keep this thing clean.

•

The population trend, as shown by the census report, is pretty discouraging. At this rate, the United States will someday have very few people, all living in Washington.

•

Army men say that marriage does not automatically exclude a man from the draft. It is best to report with a full set of conscientious objections, children, and crutches.

•

Our Board of Education now offers teachers a "stop-worrying" course. It will not ask them to stop worrying the pupils, many youngsters will regret to hear.

•

Attention is called to a Nazi-minded group of peace-lovers called the Paul Revere Sentinels. They knock on doors and tell the country folk to stay in bed.

•

The calendar shows that it is later than you think. At this writing, there are only thirty-four more days to see the World's Fair and forty-three in which to save the American way of life.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Opening October 2

The IRIDIUM *Room*
PRESENTS

The New ST. REGIS ICE REVUE
Directed by Gustave Lussi

featuring

DOROTHY LEWIS

BOB *and* JACK HEASLEY

BILL *and* BETTY WADE

• • •

HAL SAUNDERS *and his orchestra*

Theatre Dinner · Dinner · Supper · Dancing

JULES LANDÉ
and his ensemble at Luncheon and Cocktail Time

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 21 (BY CABLE)

AFTER a fortnight of savage nocturnal bombardments, Londoners are settling down with courage and resource to live by a completely new timetable. The big stores and many of the offices now close an hour earlier in order to give workers a chance to get home and have a meal before the uncomfortable evening program begins, which it does with unfailing regularity. Getting home is a tricky business for those who live in the suburbs, for bomb damage and rush hours at unexpected times of day have put a strain on the transport services. Lucky commuters have been cadging lifts from passing motorists and lorry-drivers; the not-so-lucky have been doggedly hiking rather than risk being caught out in the night air, which definitely isn't healthy just now, as much because of the terrific anti-aircraft barrages as because of bombs.

Families of modest means who have no cellars in their homes and perhaps don't care to trust to their Anderson shelters start queuing up outside the public shelters as early as six in the evening, with their bundles of bedding and their baskets of food. Thousands more turn the Tube stations into vast dormitories every night—a kind of lie-down strike which at first perplexed the authorities, who could not think what to do with passengers who paid their three-hapence and then proceeded to encamp quietly on the platforms. Since these folk have given no trouble and haven't, as was feared, cluttered up the corridors to the inconvenience of passengers with a genuine urge to get somewhere, the latest semi-official ruling is that the practice can be continued. The Ministries of Transport and Home Security, however, have appealed to the public not to use the Tube as a shelter except in cases of urgent necessity. The urgent necessity of many of the sleepers who doss down on the platforms nightly is that they no longer have homes to go to; each morning more are leaving their underground sanctuary to go back and find a heap of rubble and splinters where their houses used to be. The bravery of these people has to be seen to be believed. They would be heart-rending to look at if they didn't so conspicuously refuse to appear heart-rending. Their reaction has taken the form of anger, and there is a good deal of hopeful talk about smashing reprisals on Berlin. Anger has probably been responsible for a recent rise in munitions production. Hundreds of men and women are working a bit faster as they think of those heaps of rubble.

BOMBS of heavy calibre were dropped in some of this week's raids, and time bombs were also extensively used. A new headache for householders is the possibility of being evacuated with only a few minutes' warning, as they must be when a time bomb falls anywhere near. The most heroic among the millions of heroic workers in London these days are the Royal Engineers, who deal in squads with time bombs, going down into the craters and working with mathematical nicety. The squad which saved St. Paul's naturally came in for much deserved publicity, but there are plenty of equally courageous groups risking their lives daily with the same coolness, if under less spectacular circumstances. The auxiliary fire services, too, have done magnificent work, and an announcement of civilian-service decorations which will be the equivalent of military honors is expected shortly. Firemen, wardens, Home Guards, and nurses alike were killed while on duty during this week's raids. Nurses have been under fire constantly, for several hospitals have been hit more than once. St. Thomas's, on the river opposite the Houses of Parliament (which presumably were the target), is a tragic sight, its wards ripped open by bombs. The son of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist, was among those who lost their lives there.

The bombers have turned their attention to the West End for the last few nights and the big stores have suffered heavily. John Lewis & Co. and others were badly damaged, but one gutted building looks much like another, and Londoners, after a brief glance, go briskly on to work. Taxi-drivers grumble about the broken glass, which is hard on their tires, and about the difficulty of navigating in neighborhoods which they know like the backs of their hands but which may overnight become unrecognizable. All the same, their grumbles have the usual cockney pithiness and gaiety, and taxis get you home in spite of anything short of a raid right overhead. Gaiety does turn up even in such grim days. It was funny to see raw sirloins of beef being carried from one stately club, which was temporarily cut off from its gas supply, to another equally stately establishment, which had offered the hospitality of its old-fashioned coal ranges; it was funny to see a florist's beautifully arranged hot-house blossoms waving in a stiff breeze that blew through the shattered windows of his shop.

THERE are now more people who appear to believe that the invasion is imminent and that the increasing fury of the air attacks is the first stage of the German plan for it. A story has been widely circulated that some sort of attempt at invasion was made and failed a few weeks back. It's certain that the bulk of the population (and, one hears, of the Army, too) is now yearning for the invasion to be tried. With the land forces praying daily that the Germans will start, the R.A.F. goes over nightly and stops them from starting.

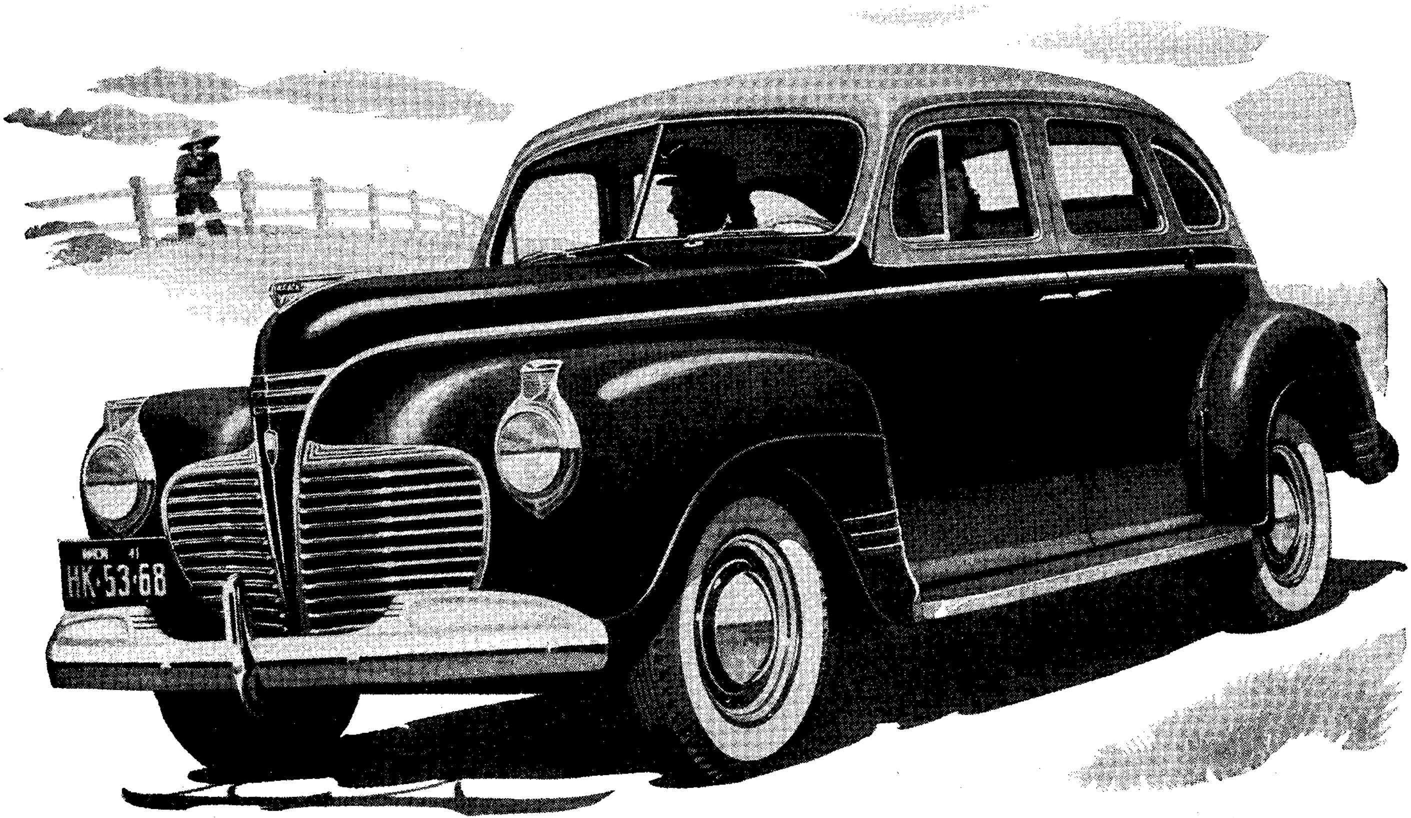
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the decision in the case of Padgett v. State, 170 So. 175, 177, 126 Fla. 57*]

The evidence of an alibi introduced in behalf of the defendants was very strong and persuasive, and in view of the fact that the state had to rely upon the testimony of Willie Padgett to convict these defendants, that his reputation for truth and veracity was bad and a number of witnesses were introduced to testify to that fact, and that because of that reputation they did not consider him worthy of belief on oath, because of the pecuniary interest as well as that other interest which he had in the conviction of these defendants, and in consideration of the additional fact that since the writ of error was sued out in this case and while the same has been pending in this court, a petition has been presented in behalf of these defendants, of which it now being a record in this court we may take judicial cognizance, in which petition it is prayed that this court make an order permitting the circuit court of Osceola county to entertain a petition for a writ of error, coram nobis, one of the grounds being that this witness Willie Padgett since the trial and conviction of these plaintiffs in error has made oath in writing before an officer authorized to administer oaths that his testimony given in the trial against these defendants, plaintiffs in error, was entirely false and in effect had no foundation in fact, we are constrained to adopt the course, which we have followed in a number of cases where it appears that justice demands a reversal of the judgment because the evidence upon which the state relied for conviction is so unsubstantial and unsatisfactory as to have left the jury to grope in the realm of guesswork and in speculation, to return a verdict against the accused, and reverse the judgment here.

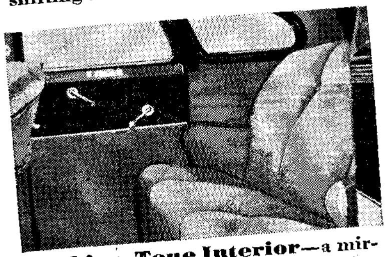


Here's the "One" for '41

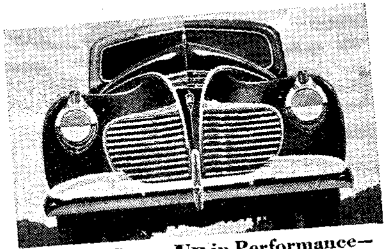
PLYMOUTH
AMERICA'S LOW-PRICED
LUXURY CAR

See the Brilliant New Plymouth—Magnificent new Artistry of Design—New Powermatic Shifting—New 4-Way Step-Up in Performance—New Fashion-Tone Interior—19 Great Advancements!

Try Powermatic Shifting—vast reductions in driving effort—with actual elimination of certain of the shifting motions of normal driving.



Fashion-Tone Interior—a miracle of color, fabric, appointments. Imagine—sumptuous 2-tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe Plymouth.



4-Way Step-Up in Performance—giving you increased horsepower and torque, new transmission and new axle ratios. Drive this traffic master.

IT'S A PLEASURE to remind you that this stunning new 1941 Plymouth—so beautiful, so long, wide, low-swung—is *a low-priced car!*

Inside, you'll find a glamorous new *Fashion-Tone Interior*—a miracle in color, fabric, appointments. And you'll discover a new delight in Plymouth's new 4-way Step-Up in Performance...giving you new mastery of hills and traffic!

And, for 1941, Plymouth announces *Powermatic Shifting*...a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine life and economy...new Engine Bearings which are 2 to 3 times longer-lived...new Ignition Protection to assure fast, easy starts!

See and drive this Big Beauty today at your nearby Plymouth dealer. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

OTHER NEW FEATURES

- NEW COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID—goes up or down easily at a touch.
- NEW SAFETY RIMS ON WHEELS—prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of blowout or puncture at high speeds.
- NEW SEALING throughout body against dust, water, heat and noise.
- CHOICE OF 11 SMART NEW COLORS at no extra cost. New 2-tone color combinations available on the Special De Luxe sedans.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

AN uptown train was standing in the Fourteenth Street station of the West Side subway as Camilla, fumbling with her purse, got out a nickel and passed through the turnstile. She ran prettily to the train and a young man held the closing door against her arrival, so that she was able to slip into the crowded car, flushed and bright-eyed.

She flashed the man a smile and a glance that said "Don't you dare to presume on my smiling," but managed to say it provocatively.

The young man blinked and cleared his throat and rattled his newspaper, but Camilla did not give him another look.

All the way to Thirty-third Street he watched her admiringly. She was a small girl with a tiny gray turban, a little forward-brushed puff of black hair fringing her forehead. She had a sort of Japanese look—very brown eyes set in smooth cheeks, a small, pouted mouth, and a pertly curved chin.

When the train pulled out of Thirty-third Street she swung against him slightly, and all the way to Times Square her trim shoulder touched and moved away from and touched his chest.

At Times Square she moved past him to leave the train and murmured "Pardon me," although he wasn't in her way, and she gave him another slantwise glance.

The young man swallowed and got off too. He saw her moving through the crowd ahead of him and, still uncertain, hurried after until she was stopped by a squat and muscular man.

"Andy!" she cried. "Why, Andy—of all people!"

"Hiya, baby!" Andy pumped her hand enthusiastically.

"What've you been doing? I haven't seen you in months," Camilla said, but she looked past Andy's shoulder and saw the young man from the train edging off disappointedly through the crowd.

Andy raised a finger. "We got to have a drink, Camilla. We got to celebrate."

Camilla was hesitant. She was supposed to meet Ted, her fiancé, and she was already fifteen minutes late. "I don't know, Andy. I have a date."

"So've I, baby. Just one—come on, now." He pulled at her elbow.

She smiled. "Well—just one then."

They went to Bleeck's and had Martinis, and Camilla said, "Tell me everything you've been doing, Andy. How's the new job?"

And Andy told her, at length and with so much self-absorption that she was able to stare coldly for a moment at a blond man who kept turning around from the bar with an air of great casualness. Then she gave Andy her full attention.

"This will knock you off your chair," Andy was saying with a smug smile. "I'm going to get married."

"No! Who is she? Anyone I know?"

"Nope. A girl from home."

"Wouldn't you just!" cried Camilla. "Here all we poor New York girls scrimp and slave to look beautiful for you men and then you go back to Iowa or Omaha or someplace for your wives."

Andy waved a hand at her, beaming. "Come out of it, Camilla. You know you wouldn't have had me, even with an endowment."

Camilla said, "You should have asked me, just once."

The blond man had moved to a vacant place where the bar curved to meet the wall. Now he could watch her without craning his neck.

"What time is it?" Camilla asked when she'd had another drink and Andy had had two.

He took out his watch, holding it by the chain as he stared at it, betraying by this and by the slightly poached quality of his squinted eyes that he was getting drunk. "Seven-eighteen," he announced.

Camilla cried "Oh!" Then she gathered up her gloves and purse. "I have to run."

"Nonsense," Andy said. "Finish your drink. Have another. He'll like you better for making him wait."

Camilla smiled. "No, I can't, Andy." Then, as she met the intense gaze of the man at the bar, "Look, I'll call him, I'll have him meet me here."

"That's the stuff."

She got up and went to a phone booth. While the phone was ringing the blond man passed the booth. Camilla had not closed its door. He smiled.

Camilla turned quickly to the phone and said, "Hello. . . . Hello, Ted?" A rhythmic buzz and pause answered her.

Then a receiver clicked and Ted said, "Hello."

"Hello, darling. This is Camilla."

"Oh, it's you." He sounded angry.

"Where've you been?" Camilla asked.

"I've been right here."

"Have you? All the time? I called you before and you didn't answer. Maybe it was the wrong number, though."

"Maybe it was," he answered.

"Look, darling," she said quickly, "have you decided on a place to eat?"

"I thought that could wait until you got here."

"Of course. Well, look, I'm over on the West Side. Why don't you meet me instead of my coming way over there, and we can eat somewhere around here?"

"Where's here?"

"Oh—I'm at Bleeck's. Guess who I ran into on the subway? Andy Barton."

"I don't know Andy Barton."

"Don't you? That's funny, I thought you did. I haven't seen him in so long—and he's going to get married—so we had a drink together to celebrate it. And then when I called and you didn't answer, we had another drink. See?" She dropped her voice, as though Andy were at her shoulder. "Hurry, darling, won't you? I'm dying to see you. And Andy's so silly after a couple of drinks."

"All right," Ted said, and hung up.

As Camilla came out of the phone booth she saw that the blond man was waiting nearby. He smiled again, and as she paused to straighten her turban, he came toward her.

He said, "I'd like to drop some laudanum in your escort's drink."

Camilla gave him her sidewise glance and the beginnings of a smile.

"We haven't much time," he told her, "so, unless you want me following you around all night, you'd better give me your name."

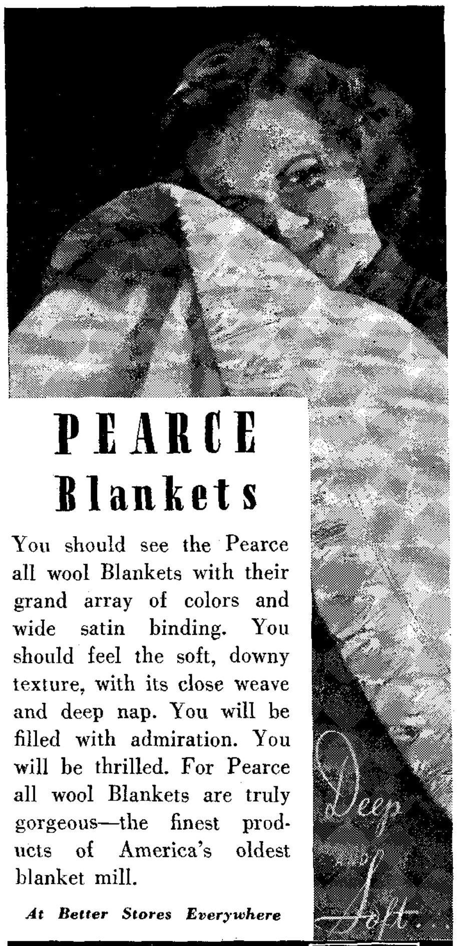
"Who are you?" she asked. He told her and Camilla felt a little thrill of pleasure, because it was a name she recognized, one that was sometimes in the columns she read so avidly.

She smiled. "I'm Camilla." Then, while he waited expectantly, she said, "It's so nice to have met you," and went by him with a tiny swinging of her shoulders.

WHEN Ted arrived, Camilla was embarrassed. Andy was pretty drunk now and he wobbled as he got to his feet and shook hands with Ted. He said, "What'll you have, old man? This is on me—waiter! Hey, waiter!"

Ted sat down beside them, looking at Andy with the cold annoyance of the very sober faced by the very drunk.

Andy was babbling about the girl he was going to marry. Camilla gave Ted a despairing glance and, when Andy finally weaved off to the men's room, said, "Darling, I'm sorry to let you in for this. Let's get out of here."



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"All right," he said. "I'll have a drink and we'll scram."

She pressed his hand. "You aren't mad, are you, darling? Honestly, I couldn't get out of this."

"No, I'm not mad."

"That's sweet. We'll have a fine time tonight, you and I."

Andy came back and swayed above them, gripping the back of his chair. "She's a sweet kid, Camilla is," he told Ted. "She's a sweet kid."

Ted said, "You'd better sit down, fellow." He reached for a cigarette on the table and Camilla's eyes turned away for a second. Ted looked over his shoulder at the men crowding the bar and back at Camilla. Then he tipped up his whiskey and drank it neat. "Let's go," he said.

OUT on the street, Camilla breathed in relief. "Wasn't he dreadful!" she exclaimed. "And all that on just two or three drinks! Why do I always get tangled up with such drips?" She pushed her hand into the pocket of Ted's topcoat, locking her fingers with his. "Do you know why I had drinks with Andy?"

"No."

"Because there was this awful fellow on the subway. It was just packed coming up from Fourteenth Street. And there was this awful person standing next to me and pushing against me—I could have screamed!"

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh, Ted! And he got off at Times Square, too, practically breathing down my neck. And then I saw Andy and literally rushed into his arms. Anything to get away from that dreadful man."

"Did he get your phone number?"

She stopped on the sidewalk. "Who?"

"The man at the bar you were trading glances with."

"At the bar?" She stared up at Ted. "What are you talking about?" Then she stepped forward angrily. "I don't know why I go out with you, Ted. You have such a nasty, suspicious mind. Every time we go out, it's the same thing—"

"Yeah," he said sourly. "It sure is."

—ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

•

Alice Faye and Artie Shaw were busy today denying rumors of a singer, and he is the estranged wife of Tony Martin, the radio singer, and he is the divorced husband of screen actress Lana Turner.—*Washington (D.C.) Times Herald.*

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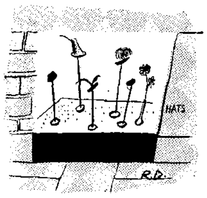
Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

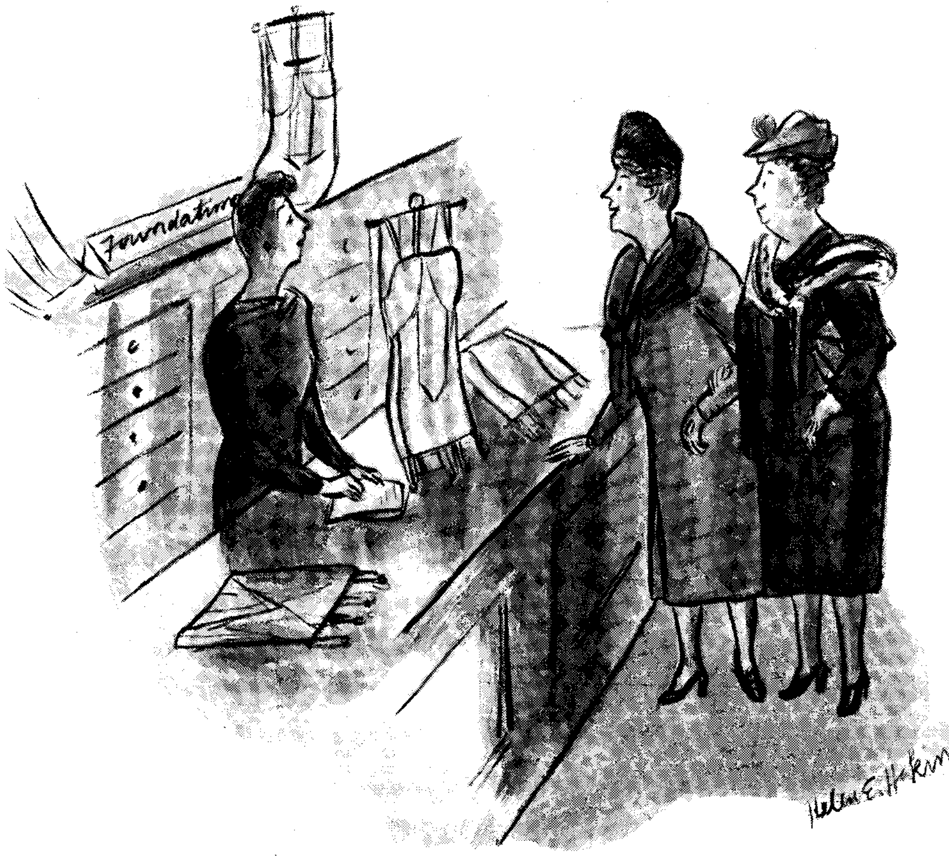
FEMININE FASHIONS



IF ever again the tumultuous world settles comfortably into a middle-of-the-road frame of mind, the ready-to-wear business of the United States may be excused for bragging that it did its best to keep the social structure on an even keel. Though disturbances are rocking the civilized world, the Average Woman may rest assured that right this moment, at the drop of a moderate sum, she can step into clothes which are smart, practical, and attractive, and be ready to face whatever comes.

Older women who have grasped the Continental theory that after thirty graciousness has more charm than jitters (and also big young women who are made miserable by the condescension of surplices) will, as usual, find haven at Kathleen, 118 East 60th Street, where there are quantities of ensembles which are flattering in color, and, in line, do things for the mature figure. The colors are wonderful off shades, like military blue (soft and faded), thistle (a blurred, dark mauve), reseda green (which has a grayish cast), and something called moon rose (a crushed strawberry with a touch of lavender). The only decoration on the dresses, which are likely to be made of thin wool or crêpe in a paler shade than the accompanying coats, generally consists of adroit tucks, darts, and restrained drapery through the bosom and at the waistline. The coats are made of smooth duvetyn-type wools or soft tweeds and tend to be fullish at the hem and slightly fitted through the body. There are exceptions, though—one coat breaks into swagger lines, with bishop sleeves and two bands of sheared beaver down each side; another has a bloused, long-waisted top of gray kidskin. A simple gray dress that boasts a bloused waistline, too, goes with it. This is $85 (most of the ensembles run higher and all look mighty prosperous) and is suitable alike for young people and those dainty gray-haired figurines who crop up so charmingly and so rarely. For evening, a short-sleeved black dinner dress with sewing-bag pockets on the hips and a sports-dress shirtfront of black jet bugles is a buy for people who, whatever their age, like casual dinner clothes and have $42.50. Black crêpe evening dresses with those long, slender lines may have tomato-red wool boleros with delicate gold embroidery or be adorned by deep white jersey yokes embroidered with gold and coral beads, like an abbé's. For regal occasions, there's a dress of salmon-pink lamé that is straight across the neck and just covers the upper arm; a salmon wool bloused jacket goes with this.

SMART young matrons who spend much of their lives in the suburbs or country should look up the tweed suits at Abercrombie & Fitch. These have jackets which are likely to be trimly fitted and buttoned up to high revers, quantities of pockets, shoulders which are square but not aggressive, and, for freedom of movement, skirts which are either gored or slashed unobtrusively at the hem to give the effect of box pleats—a new and dashing note. I don't know how you feel about tweeds, but, for me, to touch these is to fall in love a little with them. A featherweight Linton tweed in a brownish color with a huge overcheck in darker brown, yellow, and Sandringham blue makes a jacket that can be worn under a topcoat as easily as a dress; you can get a straight topcoat in the same plaid on a heavier tweed, if you like. There are tone-on-tone tweeds—dark-green ones with a small check in a lighter tone, for instance. The Jaeger suits to be found here have never been more suave or more gallant; they appear in color combinations that all the rules say are Impossible, such as a pink-and-dark-green plaid with a brilliant red overcheck. And divine. Jaeger always shows a camel's-hair suit; this time it has a longish, slightly fitted jacket with buttons on the flaps of the pockets. Some suits have slightly bloused jackets; one of them, a diagonal-plaid tweed in soft blues and grays, has a narrow belt inserted to emphasize the waistline and encourage the blouse effect in the back. An average price for these suits, ready to take along with you, is around $85, and you can have many of them made in the Abercrombie workrooms for about $135. You can also have hats and bags made up to match. As a teaser to lure you in, there's a red tweed suit with a big emerald-green overcheck (you *can* have it in a more conservative color, but this doesn't whinny a bit) for just $49.50. The jacket has a belt across the back, sharp, high lapels, and a fastening of gold-metal buttons with beehive mo-



"This is Mrs. Mills of Port Chester, who wants to look just like me."

tifs. Everywhere here you'll find the kind of thing that keeps its place of honor, season after season, in the closets of women who love good country clothes.

NEWS for those who dote on the tailored "classics" and, whether in town or country, yearn to live the year round in shirtwaist dresses is always to be found at Mary Lewis (647 Fifth, at 51st Street), who knows how in these matters. Many models run the gamut of sizes, literally—2 to 18. A heavenly one of fine pin-wale corduroy in beige or coral or dull blue has a Peter Pan collar, princesse lines through the body, pigskin buttons all the way down the back, and a pigskin belt. I have seen small daughters of four hard put to it to conceal their embarrassment when their mothers experimented with mother-and-daughter pinafores, but in this a grown woman could still maintain discipline. It is a knockout for any age. For college girls and grown women there are wonderful one-piece dresses of thin wool in plain colors or in the brightest of plaids. A one-piece dress designed by McMullen has a circular skirt with pleats stitched down on the hips and buttoning down the ribs on one side. Another dress, along similar lines but in herringbone tweed, has below-elbow sleeves (college girls, I hear, love this length), a fly front, flat hipline, and swing skirt. A shirtwaist-type dress with a kick pleat in front comes in imported Scotch-heather tweed—either gray and yellow or gray and faint pink. The prices run from about $12 to about $30. And you can have hats made up to match. There are also elegant bags of capeskin in a fat, triangular shape outlined with cape piping in contrasting color—dark green with red, brown with green, and the like.

You won't find notional folderols among the children's clothes at Mary Lewis, either. Here they have the commendable idea that fashions for well-brought-up and well-dressed children do not change fundamentally. At $3.95, the little dresses of imported challis and smocked broadcloths and chambrays for tots cannot, to my knowledge, be bettered anywhere. Nor, at $17.95 a set, can the classic Botany flannel straight coats for infants, with leggins and hats to match. These come in yellow as well as in the more conventional pink and blue. Brooks-type sweaters of imported Shetland yarn appear in sizes 8 to 18, at $3.50, and there are separate pleated or swing skirts of plaid, too. For novelty, young girls are supposed to be crazy about a suit consisting of a bright-red

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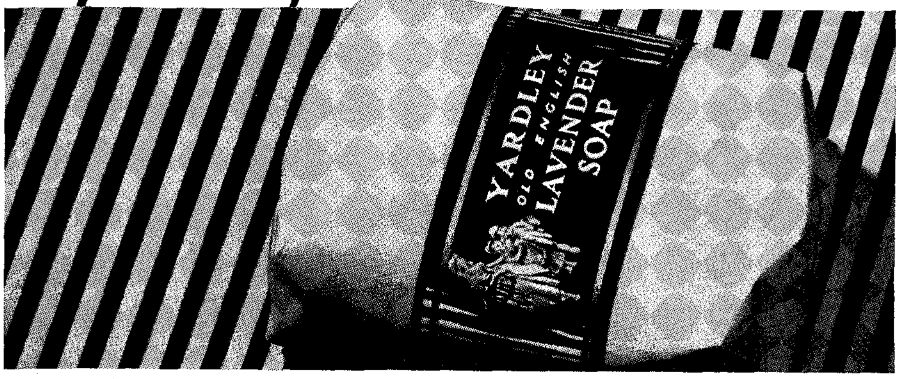
Yardley's ENGLISH LAVENDER



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by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
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knitted box jacket, buttoning straight down from a Peter Pan collar, that goes with a navy swing skirt; future débutantes, they say, are infatuated with a jacket which can also be used as a sweater, and with washable flannel dresses in the brightest possible reds, blues, or greens, trimmed with contrasting soutache braid, and having full skirts below their set-in waistbands. You'll find black velveteen dresses for parties, with a bit of pink taffeta over one shoulder and a pouf of it at the waist in lieu of the more familiar lacy white collars. Whatever happened to that Awkward Age, anyway?

YOU wouldn't think it from the way I've been going on, but there are city girls who have never heard of getting up to drive a station wagon to the 7:47 and don't like going to the country because the mud spoils their pretty sports shoes. To such city dwellers, the name Chez Rosette (the address is 10 East 56th Street) has been famous for some time. It is there you get those simple, black crêpe dresses for all day and all evening and all the time, in an infinite range of styles and at prices ranging from about $18 up to around $35. For the many evening clothes such gadabouts need, this shop displays things like tailored green corduroy dinner dresses with notched collars, princesse affairs of green brocaded faille with black velvet boleros, and—more mature—black evening sheaths with silver lamé tops and black crêpe jackets, which have long sleeves and silver hoods. The hats here belong in a "How Do They Do It?" symposium. Ready-to-wear, they start at $4.90; the average price of the custom ones is around $12.50. You'll find everything, from that dashing felt hat with the quills to the little black velvet whatzis mashed over one eye, with small red velvet bows massed across its front. —L. L.

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

FHA Form No. 12
(Revised Oct. 15, 1937)
FEDERAL HOUSING ADMINISTRATION
MEMORANDUM
DATE 6/12/40
To: Heads of Divisions and Sections
FROM: Executive Assistant to the Administrator
SUBJECT—
GPO 16—3401—O

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RESTAURANTS

Hello Again

I'D always just as soon start off a season by revisiting old favorites which carry on triumphantly with, usually, no more than a fresh coat of paint or a new dish on the menu to suggest that it's another autumn. These places don't really have to add anything to their getup and offerings, because for a long time they've had everything a customer could want—a staff that knows how to act human and a chef with a mind of his own. I've been going back to some of the top ones on my list and having just as much fun as a kid does coming back to his winter toys after a summer in the country.

Now that I've said my say, I realize the first of the old standbys I've been around to since Labor Day *has* been fixed up. It's Larue, at 45 East Fifty-eighth Street, which has broken out with a rash of decorative innovations. Don't worry, though; it's all worked out fine—gayer, but happily not too different. The proprietor insists on calling the place a restaurant, not a night club, and dining there again makes you appreciate how right he is. To mention a detail: if you like olive oil, try a few drops of their Greek kind on your smoked salmon, together, of course, with black pepper and lemon juice. The cream-of-turtle soup with Marsala is enough to turn your mind from even their *boula* for a while. Breast of guinea hen with that wonderful sour-cream sauce called *Smitane* couldn't possibly be better, but if you prefer baby lobster *flambé au cognac* or something calculated for two, like the roast rack of baby lamb, I'll understand. Come dessert, you may be unfit for anything solider than brandy, but there's plenty to distract you if you're not.

Passy, at 28 East Sixty-third Street, is a place where I hope my friends, if I'm meeting them there, will be late, because I like to find a chair in the entrance corridor and catch up on my reading with all the magazines they have lying around. It's not hard to stop, though, and go inside, for the personnel gives you a feeling of being welcomed home that makes a fine appetizer. To start the meal, there's bisque of *écrevisse* on the menu these days. Then, if you want to stray from steak broiled in the classic manner, try the *tournedos sauté* with *foie gras* and truffles, or, if you don't want steak at all, the breast of duckling with Curaçao sauce and oranges is mighty fine. Cold smoked turkey with currant jelly is one of the many cold dishes they still list, presumably because they don't know which way the weather will jump—and aren't they right! A minor point, though not to me, is that the French dressing is good.

Another restaurant that people flock back to is Voisin, at Fifty-third and Park. Those canaries were moulting when I was there, and therefore temporarily still, but I warn you that by the time the carpet goes down for the winter they'll be singing again. The chef cooks so darned well that creamed carrots are nearly as exciting as turtle fins (I suppose they mean flippers) in a soupy, sherryfied sauce. One of the worthiest gourmets I know has just told me that for an entrée I should have ordered *coulibiac*; it's a Russian masterpiece made of puff paste and things and served with a delicious and complicated cream sauce. No place, I understand, does it better than Voisin, and I hurry to pass along the recommendation in case you get back there before I do. People who never eat desserts will be tempted to let down the bars just this once. Even if you can resist what they bring before you on that towering cart, which somehow reminds me of a lift in a Paris department store, you'll have all the suggestions on the menu to wear you down. I suspect you'll succumb to a mocha soufflé, at the very least.

SO much for the à-la-carte places. Three restaurants I like just about as well happen to be ones where the host more or less outlines your meals for you in advance. By far the most imposing of these is Chambord, at 803 Third Avenue (49th), a cavernous retreat which carries on with real French traditions—charm, delays, inefficiencies, and all. It's terribly popular these days, for reasons that aren't very obscure when you consider the reminiscent fondness of Americans for French ways of doing things, so unless you're prepared to wait at the bar indefinitely, you'll do well to reserve a table. I'd also like to register another warning: it's about the bread and butter, which is very, very good. If you're not careful, you'll find yourself eating too much of it to fill in the gaps between courses—gaps for which there is apparently no remedy, although one of a dozen headwaiters is always ready with a heart-rending excuse—and you won't have any appetite for the main dish when it finally arrives. Fumble with a shred of smoked sturgeon or a trace of duck *pâté* if you like, but save your real energies for *ris de veau braisé aux marrons*, *poussin à la vraie mode de Brest*, or some other remarkable experience.

Then there's Giovanni's, at 66 East Fifty-fifth Street, a place you like better every time you go—and no wonder, for the staff is so affable, the food so beguilingly presented, and the cocktails so big. They still perambulate about with that treasure of a table bearing cold lobster, stuffed clams, and whole roast baby chickens, just to see how far you will go. The *escalopes* of veal *aux fines herbes* are especially good; so are the frogs' legs *poulette*. I've never seen *gnocchi alla Romana* with bacon on the menu, but they've often produced it for me, and there isn't a better dish. If you allow yourself only one cocktail, this place is heaven, as the drinks are served in champagne glasses. They are practically twice the size of any cocktail you ever saw.

Last, only because it's smallest, is Pierre's, at 52 East Fifty-third Street, which went right through the summer without a slack spell. It's no accident that this unassuming restaurant is always packed, sometimes so regrettably that you're obliged to go elsewhere. The liver *pâté* (which you can buy for home consumption, too) is good enough to keep you from ever trying another appetizer again; I can't imagine what they do to it to make it as light, actually, as whipped butter. Braised sweetbreads with sherry and Virginia ham *sous cloche* is one of their pet dishes; if you think that's too rich, try the fillet of sole with artichokes or the excellent milk-fed chicken *en casserole*. They always have cold *zabaione* and some remarkable cake or other, and they're naturally well able to manage crêpes Suzette if that's the way you're minded.

—SOUBISE

•

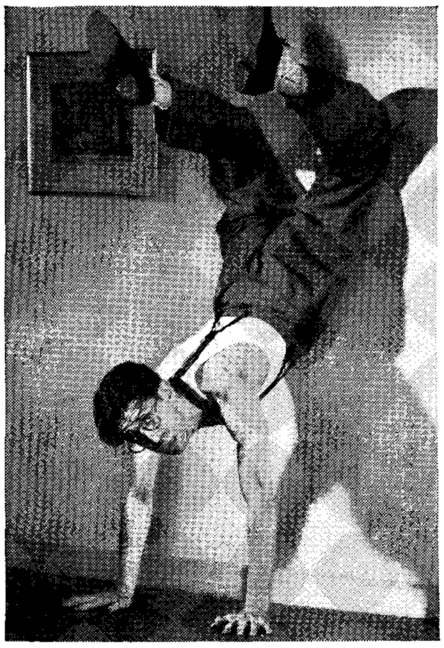
Rosario Bufarelli of Dedham has filed a libel for divorce from Anna Bufarelli of Torresa Province, Pascare, Italy, on the grounds of desertion. They were married at Torresa, Italy, July 18, 1920, and they have one minor child of which the father seeks the custody.

Let's All Get Together
and Dress the Baby

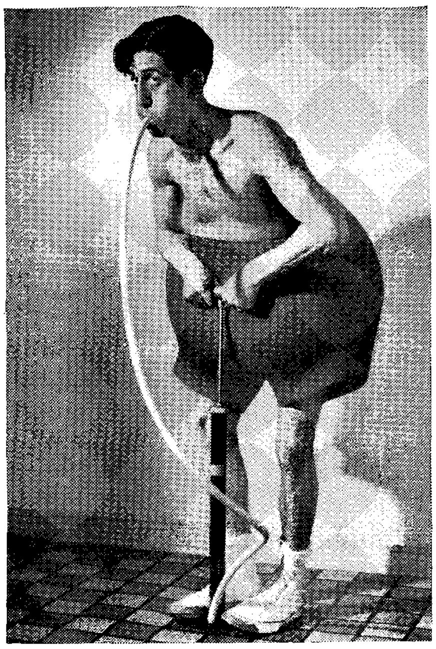
—Dedham (Mass.) Transcript.

You can put us down for a pair of shoes.

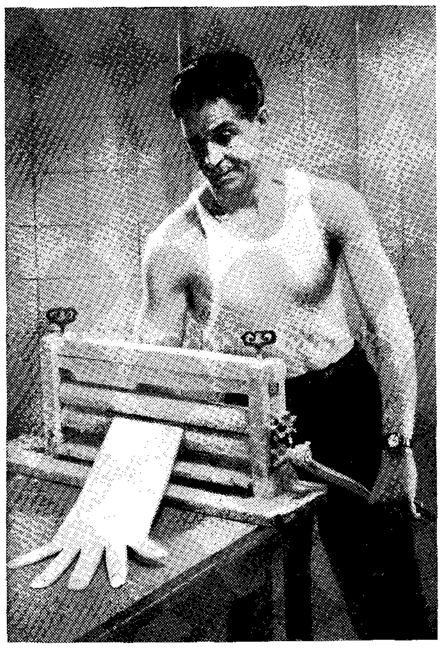
How to adjust yourself to a shirt



1. DO THIS five hours daily. It builds up shoulders to fit old-shape shirts. An easier way to neat fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit slopes with your shoulders.



2. PUMP YOURSELF FULL of air. This will give you the waist outline of old-shape shirts. A pleasanter way to better fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, the "Mitoga" figure-fit waist curves in, like *your* waist.



3. USE AN EVENER-UPPER to make arms uniform from shoulder to wrist, to fit the straight sleeves of other shirts. Better still: wear Arrow Shirts: their "Mitoga"-cut arms are tapered like yours.

4. SOLVE EVERYTHING with Arrow Shirts. They have smart Arrow collars, are Sanforized-Shrunk. Get Gordon (oxford) at $2, Hitt and Dale (with non-wilt collars) $2, $2.50. Others, $2 up.

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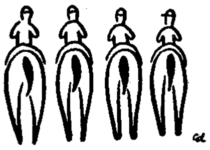
THE RACE TRACK

What Do You Like?



WELL, who'll win The Futurity? This is a particularly difficult Futurity, for the better two-year-olds are so evenly matched. Nevertheless, lots of people are going down to Belmont Park on Saturday bubbling over with tips that simply can't miss.

I daresay King Cole will be favorite for the race, because he ran so fast in the Junior Champion Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. George Reed, a clocker whose selections everyone scrambles for, says King Cole may be the best of his age. I have no opinion whatsoever about the merits of this step-off-the-deep-end, although I never could become too enthusiastic over a horse who wears opera-length bandages and pads on his knees.

Alfred Vanderbilt insists that New World is faster than King Cole. "Fitzsimmons admits that New World is better than King Cole," Vanderbilt said the other day, "so if New World doesn't win The Futurity, it just means that I'm not as good a trainer as Fitzsimmons."

Then there's Whirlaway, whom everybody seems to have forgotten since he won the Hopeful. Don't let his nervousness in the paddock put you off him. Ben Jones, his trainer, says it doesn't weaken him, although the animal gets himself into such a dither that you'd think it would. I hope Whirlaway has learned to get to running more quickly than he did at Saratoga, though he probably hasn't. Still, I believe he'll win.

Others I've heard well spoken of include Attention; Bushwacker, who beat Attention in the New England Futurity; Swain, who won the Arlington Futurity and has as handsome a head as you'd care to see, although that has nothing to do with his ability to run; and Porter's Cap, who won the Washington Park Futurity (it seems as though every time a racing secretary is at a loss for the name of a two-year-old sweepstakes he calls it a Futurity). I've even had a tip on Little Beans, who isn't in The Futurity at all, which only goes to show how you can collect racing information if you try.

IT takes an extraordinary filly to beat a group of colts, and Level Best isn't quite that. Still, the real excitement of the Junior Champion was watching her try to catch King Cole. She never could, but she beat Nasca, her old rival, easily. Before the Junior Champion, everyone in the paddock was interested in Level Best's lead pony, who isn't a pony at all, but a mule. Mules are good at keeping race horses quiet. Level Best's mule is a sleek, handsome fellow with the conformation of a racer, if you can imagine such a thing. As a matter of fact, the mule's dam was a thoroughbred mare by North Star III, sire of Bubbling Over, who won a Kentucky Derby for Ed Bradley. Doc Jones, who trains Level Best, once matched the mule against a fast pony owned by Yancey Christmas in a quarter-mile race at Bowie. The mule ran the quarter in twenty-five seconds, and won by five lengths.

I WOULDN'T be surprised if Jack Campbell, who thinks up new races for the New York tracks, isn't prouder of the Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct than of any other sweepstakes he's put on. Kibitzers predicted the Beldame would be a failure, for filly races usually are, but the kibitzers were wrong. Last year the race, which was won by Nellie Bly, brought out eighteen runners; last weekend sixteen ran for it, and Willie du Pont's jewel of inconsistency, Fairy Chant, won.

I WONDER what excuses there were for Challedon's not winning the Narragansett Special. I suppose it was the weight he carried. Now I fancy he'll run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup on Saturday, and I think Fenelon will win.

COLONEL MARTINGALE'S favorite tote-ticket seller reports that a man came up to his window at Aqueduct the other day and said, "Gimme a ticket on Number 2," but laid down no money. When the seller brought up the question of cash, the horseplayer replied, "Oh, that's all right; I'm your milkman. You can take it off the bill."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SIR: We live in a small town with a population of about 400 people. There are two grocery stores, two gas stations and two ice cream stores. We have a nice high school ground, which the boys and girls use for sports. I would like to know if you could tell us what we could do at night. COMMUNITY BOOSTER
—*Letter in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Certainly. Eat a vanilla cone and go to bed.

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PORK CHOPS
25
SANDWICHES

This eccentric, William Stutts,
Thinks all imports are the nuts.
Know what Bill prefers to steak?
Oriental bean-curd cake.

Bill says nothing's distingué
If it's made in U. S. A.
Cigarettes? He's not the type—
Smokes a Turkish hookah pipe.

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Pilgrim *is* the best that's sold?
Think he cares for such libations?
Not old William League-of-Nations!

So you think imported rum
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Rum like ours has had no peer
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Why? Because it's *all* rum—straight!
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Smooth and mellow, rich and hearty,
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Don't just read about it—try it!
See your dealer now and *buy* it!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

New Season

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI opened the 1940-1941 concert season by bringing the All American Youth Orchestra into Carnegie Hall and taking over the Fifty-seventh Street gathering as thoroughly as he did the Stadium Concert visitors in July, when the A. A. Y. O. made its début in town. There's no doubt about this ensemble that Mr. Stokowski has collected and trained: it can play an audience dizzy. It also lights a fire under the tradition that a symphony orchestra requires years of drilling before it becomes reasonably distinguishable from bands that are picked by choosing up sides. There were a few bits of overenthusiastic bowing by the big and small fiddles, but these might be charged off to a miscalculation of acoustics; as an all-over orchestral performance, this concert was a triumph for the players and the conductor.

The program was split between Bach (in Mr. Stokowski's personal transcriptions) and the fifth symphony of Dimitri Shostakovich. I know Bach oughtn't to be played with the sure-fire touch Mr. Stokowski supplied, but, having bowed gravely to the familiar idea about Bach's music, I must add that the presentations were extraordinarily stimulating. So was the performance of the symphony, although the music becomes rather too transparently ingenious after several hearings.

When Mr. Stokowski was appearing here frequently with the Philadelphia Orchestra, he tried various experiments in stage lighting, including one which made the performers invisible. For the Youth Orchestra, he has a special blue shell, illuminated by overhead lights with bluish shades. This rhapsody in blue may have been startling to concertgoers accustomed to the generally staid stage of Carnegie Hall, but this audience wasn't quite the regulation turnout. It seemed to be a young crowd, which hollered cheerfully when the violins stood up and tossed off the brilliant preludio of Bach's E-major partita as if this music were an easy exercise. There was uninhibited applause between movements of the symphony—a demonstration for which most audiences are reproved by a sanctimonious raising of the conductor's horrified hands. Mr. Stokowski acknowledged the ovations amiably, and, somehow, I don't think that the music was worse off for his courtesy.

To set this concert farther apart from most orchestral exhibitions, there was an encore—one of those "Perpetual Motions." Anything called "Perpetual Motion," no matter who composes it, is a piece in which the violins race to a prescribed photo finish, and the Youth violinists were furiously successful in their virtuoso velocity.

THE season for books about music also is under way, and one of the earliest entries looks like the biggest value. That's "Opera," by Edward J. Dent. It is paper-bound, costs a quarter, and is about as shrewd and entertaining a discussion of opera—why it is what it is, what's wrong with it, what's right with it, and where do we go from here—as you're likely to encounter. Professor Dent is no pundit. He knows that the creation and production of opera is work, and he doesn't hesitate to look at composers as professionals rather than as soul-spillers.

For people who like music but are afraid they'll never know what it's about, Helen L. Kaufmann has devised "You Can Enjoy Music," a persuasive and intelligible introduction to the theory, practice, and personalities of the art. The extremely timorous will find this book even more disarming if they'll read the first section, dealing with musical materials, after they've read the chapters about instruments and composers. A few factual slips, such as the statement that Gershwin's famous rhapsody was introduced in 1912, don't undermine the basic value of the book, and probably will be fixed by second-edition time. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

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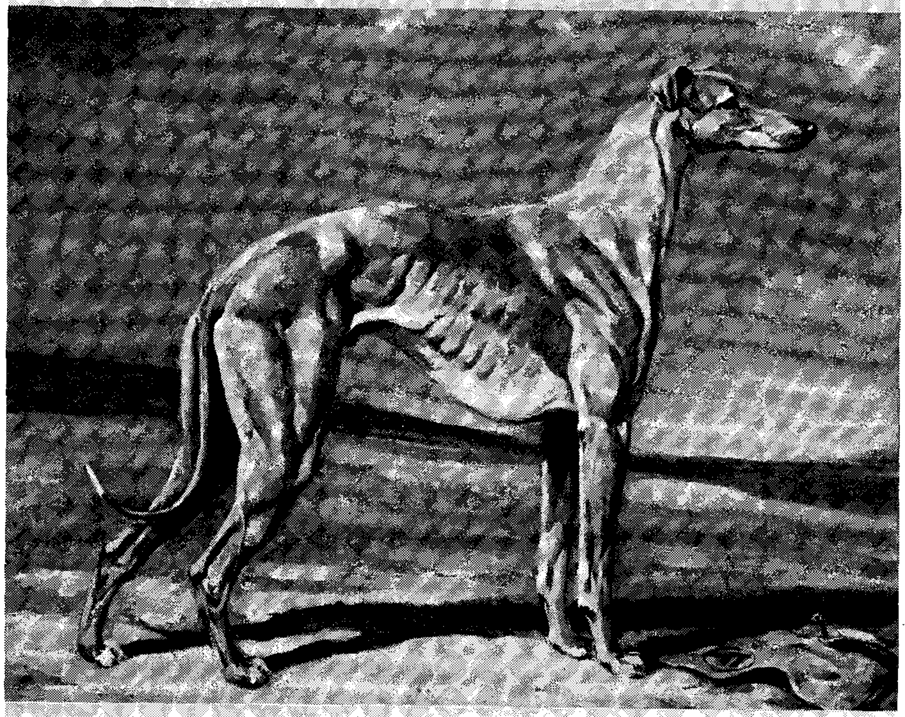
The Greyhound's stride carries a lesson in smooth mixing



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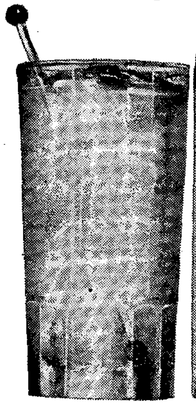

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to identify some of the voices, and the chances are that the names of the artists will presently be ferreted out. The hush-hush part of the campaign has been so provocative that I looked about outside one of the record-distributing stations for venders who might be selling lists of the singers furtively. I haven't found one yet.

The performances are well recorded (this doesn't go for the choral episode from the Kermesse scene in "Faust," however), well conducted, well played, and well sung. The selections don't include all of the famous stretches of the operas—in the "Carmen" set, for instance, Micaëla's music isn't represented, and the "Faust" discs don't do anything about the Jewel Air or Valentine's cavatina, but such omissions aren't really important, because the purpose of the sets, as I catch it, is to furnish an attractive impression of the character of the scores, and they do. The albums will win friends and influence people.

THERE is a Brahms competition in the current record lists, for both Victor (M-694) and Columbia (M-412) are offering versions of the second symphony. Victor presents the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Eugene Ormandy; Columbia, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by John Barbirolli. The Ormandy performance is the more resounding and the more expansive (and expensive), but neither set does a complete job on this composition. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who'll be on view as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony this season, and the Minneapolis Symphony turn in their best recording so far in their edition of Beethoven's third "Leonore" Overture (Columbia M-X-173). Mr. Mitropoulos's tendency to go dramatic lends excitement to this sturdy performance. A former Philharmonic-Symphony guest, Carlos Chávez, has assembled a fascinating "Program of Mexican Music" (Columbia M-414), based on the materials in the concerts he gave at the Museum of Modern Art this spring. The singing and playing are as good as Mr. Chávez's conducting, which is excellent.

SOME first-rate solo work is available in the recent listings. Mme. Wanda Landowska's performance of the Haydn Harpsichord Concerto in D (Op. 21 for Haydn; album set M-471 for Victor) is delightful music. The accompaniment isn't bad, but it seems ponderous as a background for Mme. Landowska's crispness. Nathan Milstein has made a clean and musicianly recording of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, with expert orchestral collaboration from Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony (Columbia M-413).

Arthur Rubinstein has played a third set of Chopin mazurkas (Victor M-691), and it's up to the magnificent standard of its predecessors. Dr. Charles Courboin has recorded masterfully an assortment of César Franck's organ music, ranging from the somewhat faded "Pièce Héroïque" to eloquent chorales (Victor M-695), on the organ at the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Mme. Lotte Lehmann's latest album set consists of eleven songs from Schubert's "Die Winterreise" (Victor M-692), a successful adventure both artistically and as a recording of Mme. Lehmann's voice. "Die Winterreise" usually is music for a man to sing, but these songs aren't aggressively masculine and the texts don't jar. The pianism of Paul Ulanowsky is helpful, and the recording men have let you hear it. In the past, accompaniments often have been so toned down that you imagined the pianist was playing next door.

FROM the Schirmer ateliers come two rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano by Charles Martin Loeffler, persuasively expounded by Bruno Labate, Jacques Gordon, and Mlle. Emma Boynet (Schirmer set No. 10). This gracious music is supplemented by Mr. Gordon's arrangement for violin and piano of Loeffler's "Adieu pour Jamais," which Mr. Gordon intones lyrically to the accomplished pianistic collaboration of Carl Deis. The recording is neatly balanced, although the reproduction of the piano tone sometimes is shallow.

SINGLES: Sir Thomas Beecham appears as a subtle waltz conductor in a suavely rhythmic presentation of Strauss's "Voices of Spring" (Columbia 70338-D). . . . The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, does a bouncing and brilliant demonstration of the overture to "The Bartered Bride" (Victor 4498). . . . Soprano airs from "Andrea Chénier" and "Die tote Stadt" introduce Mme. Irene Jessner of the Metropolitan as a skillful recorder on Victor 17256.—R. A. S.

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—*Headline in the Boston Evening Transcript.*

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ADOLF IN ECUADOR

QUITO, SEPTEMBER 12

THE German Minister in Quito, Ecuador, is a delightful gentleman. No one hisses him or tries to throw stones through the windows of his house. Although six *carabinieri* are needed to guard the Italian Legation, no protection is needed at the German. The Minister is a devout Catholic and goes regularly to the cathedral, where he has to stoop to pass through the portal, because he is so tall. He tries to hide himself at the few parties he attends, and leaves before anyone has had more than two drinks. If, in this land of surprises, the German Minister is a kind and cultured gentleman, it might follow that a Jew here would endorse Hitler. As I discovered, he sometimes does.

I RAN into Herr Doktor Gottschalk (or a man I'll name Gottschalk), sitting alone in the back room of a place that might well be the German Legation—a whitewashed and brightly lit restaurant called the Salon Berlin. This establishment is a succession of vaulted rooms, somewhat like a rathskeller. The air is heavy with the stench of pickles and stale beer. Over a counter on which there are stacks of smoked herring and pumpernickel, a good-natured proprietor leans between a cash register and a sausage-slicing apparatus. The clientele is chiefly young men, standing straight, most of them in knickers and belted jackets, their hair clipped short, heavy-muscled, loud, and healthy. They are a group who used to do their best to look like typical Heidelberg students but now make every effort to look like mechanics on their day off. They are for the most part employed by German import-and-export companies. There is no picture of Hitler in the restaurant and no Nazi flag, but "Deutschland über Alles" and the "Horst Wessel Song" and all the brutal hymns of the new Germany are as popular here as the barrel of sauerkraut that stands in the outer hall.

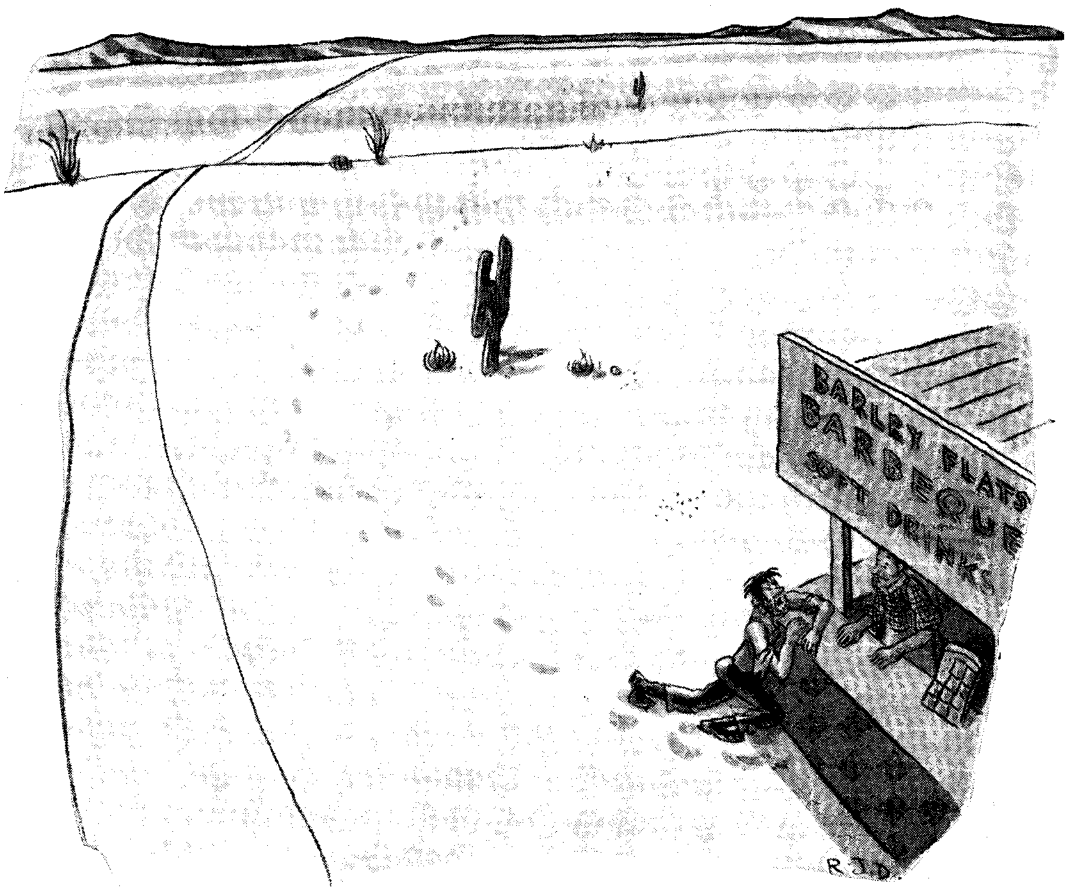
When I arrived, Doktor Gottschalk was eating a pair of small sausages and drinking a glass of blond beer. I had met him once at the Hotel Metropolitano, and had been surprised afterward when someone told me he was a refugee and a Jew. The Herr Doktor is straw-blond, blue-eyed, professorial, and somewhat arrogant in his walk and his gestures. As soon as I sat down, he brought the conversation around to Hitler. He swallowed the remnants of the pair of sausages, took a deep drink of the Vienna Export, and started to speak of Adolf. He said the name as one does that of an old friend.

"I don't know," he said, "what Adolf had against me—God alone knows. I am not like the others. You know, I was in the field from the first day on in the last war—captain in a line regiment, Austrian artillery, decorated with the Iron Cross, first and second class, and mentioned three times in Army dispatches. I was being recommended for the Pour le Mérite just when the whole *Schweinerei* came to its disgraceful end. All that counted for nothing, for absolutely nothing." He said this in a tone of voice which seemed to mean that he admired the thoroughness with which the new government did away with everyone who was a Jew.

"My mother was an Aryan. Also, my wife is purely Aryan; we have a son named Kurt—you should see them. My grandmother was already *hoffähig* at the court of the old emperor, and my father, the old Doktor Gottschalk, personally treated Adolf's mother. All that means absolutely nothing. Can you understand what Adolf has against me?

"My Papa," he continued, starting in on another beer, "was in Ischl when he treated Adolf's mother. My dear Papa was in the habit of keeping all the letters that grateful patients wrote to him. He had one from Adolf, a very nice letter, thanking Papa for the care he had given his mother. It was a long and elaborate letter, taking up two pages, written on both sides.

"Papa was quite an old man when Adolf came to power, and he was a famous specialist in Vienna when Adolf marched in. Then the trouble began. Many of the others, the old ones, committed suicide. We stayed home, and then Papa thought of the letter—he thought of it when my brother, who is also a doctor, and I were taken in protective custody and when my little boy was forbidden to go to school. He thought that the letter would do some good, and sent it to Adolf through the proper channels. Adolf at the time was in Vienna, and some influential friends who were in the new government saw to it that it came to Adolf's



"No cherry? What flavors have you?"

attention. Papa waited and hoped that it would do some good. It did.

"Adolf made it possible for us to get out of the country immediately. My brother and I were released, we could take our furniture along, and while everybody else had to stay in line to wait for various permits, we left in a matter of a few weeks. Our other property, our money, and my father's and brother's and my own practice, of course, were gone.

"Papa, who is here with me, is now eighty. My brother has gone to Chile. He is a gynecologist and has found an appointment at a hospital in Santiago. Papa was a famous man in Vienna, and some time ago the Nazi Gauleiter of Quito called up and said that he would send his wife over to have him examine her. Papa got very mad, and he told him over the phone that, according to National Socialist law, the examination of an Aryan woman by a Jewish doctor was equal to having relations with her and punishable under the same law. She came anyway, and the Gauleiter, a very nice man, came with her and laughed and said that the law did not apply to Papa because he was over the age limit." The Herr Doktor chuckled.

"But Adolf could have been a little kinder to us," he went on. "There are several half-Jews in the government over there, and even in the Army. For example, Marshal Milch is a half-Jew. There is a way in which to get around the regulations. The Aryan mother goes and swears that while she was married to the Jew, the father of her child was another man, an Aryan, and in important cases that is accepted and no more is said about it. If he had wanted to, Adolf would have been able to make some such arrangement available to us, but in the tension, and burdened with all the details and all the worries he must have, one cannot expect him to bother with any one individual case."

He touched my arm and pointed to a man who had just come into the Salon Berlin and was being greeted with reverence all around. "That," he informed me, "is the secretary of the electric works and the local agent of the Gestapo."

The Gauleiter came over, shook the Herr Doktor's hand, and walked on. The Doktor was visibly proud. He pointed out other people to me, including one of the pilots of the air line to Guayaquil, a baron. "The air line has become an Ecuadorian company," he told me, "since all the trouble with the United States began, but only five per cent of the capital is Ecuadorian. It's still a German company, and when there's any motor trouble we have parts here from Brazil like that." He snapped his fingers.

The Gauleiter passed us again and nodded. The Herr Doktor smiled and said to me, "You know, they have been very nice to us refugees since we are here. I went to the Consulate the other day about some papers, and the secretary there offered me a chair and said, 'Herr Doktor Gottschalk, if there is anything we can do for you, turn to us with confidence. We have instructions from Berlin to extend to you and other refugees any aid that is possible.' My son is even going to the Colegio Alemán, the best school here."

THE Herr Doktor had a nice house in the centre of Quito, and invited me to go home with him. On the way home, he bought the *Comercio* and quickly read the headlines. "You see," he said, "Adolf is no fool! Did you listen to that marvellous speech he made the other night about stopping the war?"

The house was orderly and the furnishings were those of a well-to-do German household. A picture of Hindenburg hung in the dining room, and a mediocre oil painting of an Austrian artillery battery hung over the Herr Doktor's bed, an immense feather bed which he had been allowed to bring over with him, along with all his books and the family silver and porcelain. The father, a white-haired and bearded gentleman who looked more or less like all great Viennese specialists, was in a wheelchair.

The Doktor's wife was the middle-aged, well-groomed German *Dame*, looking like a very young Queen Mary, German in the fashion in which many English appear German, a little rounder, a little more provincial, with a stiff high collar and a hard eye for the servants. The boy, Kurt, came in while I was there, clicked his heels, bent low and suddenly from the hips, as if about to kiss my hand, then stood at attention, a perfect specimen of the Hitler Jugend. He wore short trousers, for which he was already too old. They left exposed a good deal of sunburnt leg, covered by yellow down.

The Frau Doktor told me that a play was going to be put on by the students and teachers at the Colegio Alemán. It was a Nazi play, so Kurt, for obvious reasons, had not been asked to take part. However, he and his parents were invited to attend a dress rehearsal that afternoon, and the Frau Doktor suggested I come along. That evening, when the real performance would be given, only members of the Nazi group would be admitted. After the performance in the evening, the Nazis would have tea and cakes together at the school, the Frau Doktor explained. "We, of course, are not asked to that party," she added, with a look at her husband, "and what goes on there, and what is said and decided, one can only guess."

DRIVING out to the Colegio Alemán, the Frau Doktor told me that she was glad her boy would be here in Ecuador until things became a little different over there. Today he would be in a very peculiar position in Germany. There, it would be better if he were a half-Jew instead of being what he is, a quarter-Jew. If he were a half-Jew, he could obtain permission at least to marry a Jewish girl, but being a quarter-Jew, he would be, according to the Party, too good to marry a Jewish girl and not good enough to marry an Aryan, and in consequence would belong to the unfortunate group that is not permitted to marry anybody. "But that," said the Herr Doktor, "might eventually be changed."

We arrived at the Colegio Alemán, which consists of a clump of buildings standing in a large garden. There was a Nazi flag, large as a bedsheet, flying at one end of a football field. A kindergarten mistress, her hair pulled into a tight knot, passed with some children, half of them Ecuadorian, the other half German. They wore the small aprons that one sees in French nurseries. The buildings were immaculate. Over the door of each classroom was inscribed the purpose to which the room was assigned—"Arbeitszimmer," "Lesezimmer," "Spielzimmer," "Speisezimmer." In the kindergarten, a sun-flooded room containing very little furniture, a lifesize, full-length picture of Hitler hung under a frieze of geese and rabbits. I asked the Herr Doktor whether this school, which was a public institute of learning in Quito, was a Nazi institution. "Not very much," he said. "The Herr Direktor is a very broad-minded man."

I WAS not permitted to attend the dress rehearsal, but I met the Herr Doktor the next day at the Salon Berlin, and he told me that the play was about an old Jew and that he was glad his papa had not been strong enough to go along. He and his wife and Kurt had sat through the whole business. He talked and talked, and then I went and talked to some others—half-Jews, quarter-Jews, full Jews—and I found

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in a number of instances more or less the same unbelievable and pathetic attitude. Out of all I heard, I gathered that many of the Jews in Quito—a city where nothing expected happens—feel like this:

"He'll rule the world, or at least Europe. In my case an error has been made. In the haste and hurry, the laws were made too strict. They had to be strict; you can't do things halfway. Too bad, but I shall be among those who will perhaps be called back. When it's over, he'll need every man—every doctor, every engineer, every scientist, every able executive. The soup is never eaten as hot as it is cooked. And then my Iron Cross, and the fact that I have kept quiet here, where I might have talked, and the fact that I have an Aryan wife and a child who is only a quarter-Jew—all this will make it possible for me to go back to the most beautiful, the best, the greatest land in the world. That's the reason I send the boy to the Colegio Alemán, so that he does not lose touch with the *Vaterland*."

As the Herr Doktor said, in his soft Viennese German, "At least in this school a boy can learn something respectable." —LUDWIG BEMELMANS

•

I can write out the formula for operating according to this third rule. Because it is a formula, it may guide you in a general way. According to the second rule, you will remember, we had to say: the whole book is about so and so and such and such. That done, we can proceed as follows: (1) the author accomplished this plan in five major parts, of which the first part is about so and so, the second part is about such and such, the third part is about this, the fourth part about that, and the fifth about still another thing. (2) The first of these major parts is divided into three sections, of which the first considers X, the second considers Y, and the third considers Z. Each of the other major parts is then similarly divided. (3) In the first section of the first part, the author makes four points, of which the first is A, the second B, the third C, and the fourth D. Each of the other sections is then similarly analyzed, and this is done for each of the sections of each of the other major parts.—*From "How to Read a Book," by Mortimer Adler.*

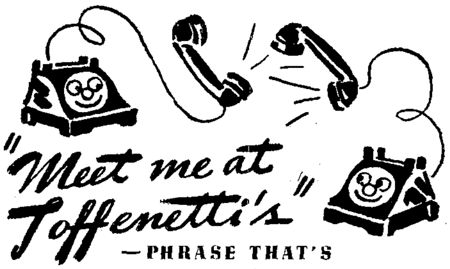
You better throw that book away, Mr. Adler, and get another.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the World-Telegram*]

"This man's face is known all over the world," he said. "He did not flinch when he faced the prospect of a firing squad, and he will not flinch at the prospect of going to California."



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cities and Backwoods

AN effort is made in "City for Conquest" to treat New York somewhat as New England was handled in "Our Town." Frank Craven, that is, is again discovered as a philosopher of cosmic and mystical inclinations, in this case a bum, a vagrant, who interprets the strange and wonderful way of this metropolis. There is often a reference to the "teeming millions" and there is the usual wonderstruck commentary on the weird ways in which some soar to the heights of Park Avenue penthouses while others sink to squalor. To enhance the poetic feeling, a musician is introduced and a great climax built up about his symphony and its ultimate presentation in Carnegie Hall, a symphony of New York and of all its millions, teeming or not teeming.

In spite of this embellishment, however, the film will be known to most, I think, as a Cagney and Ann Sheridan picture. Miss Sheridan and Mr. Cagney, neither being mystically inclined, give the story a gusto that the murky shadows of its poetics possibly lack. Both shown as products of the Hester-Forsyth Street region, with their own ways to make, they are tough and alert and altogether human. She becomes a night-club dancer and he a boxer. In the course of his career, the young fighter is blinded. Here I thought even the Cagney artistry did not help things. The rôle becomes one ill suited to his temperament and ability. Cagney blind, making the gestures of the blind, portraying the tragedy of the sightless, is incongruously beyond his depth. It's just not his kind of thing. You might as well find Wallace Beery with a phthisis. This blindness, then, and that symphony, and voluble Frank Craven serve, I fear, to overwhelm a picture which might have been a fine, raucous story of the romance of a fighter and a dancer, that ideal combination, and to make of it an exasperatingly tedious affair.

SOMETIMES, during the long, long trek entitled "Brigham Young—Frontiersman," Brigham himself, as played by Dean Jagger, reminded me of talky Frank Craven. Leading his line of covered wagons across our Western plains, this Brigham, when not commun-

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ing with God, is ever ready to commune with the audience. I should warn frivolous persons that the Mormon concept of marriage is referred to only once or twice and then with most respectful jocularity, and the thesis of polygamy never interrupts the course of the romance between the young people (Linda Darnell and Tyrone Power). The Mormons are treated as pious folk, which, in the movies, calls for a certain deliberation of speech and manner. That slows down a film, of course. A plague of crickets precipitates a crisis at the end, and one is possibly more startled by the crickets than by any of the movie Mormons. One is left with the uneasy impression that, after all, the pious lack pace.

FRONTIER life, though of a different kind and with no emphasis on piety, is discovered in "The Howards of Virginia." We find here the elegant pre-Revolutionary Virginia, and we see a daughter of its proudest family (Martha Scott) yielding to the primitive addresses of a backwoodsman (none other than Cary Grant) and going with him to build a home in the wilderness. With the outbreak of the Revolution, the piece becomes very much routine costume stuff of that familiar phase of our history. Glimpses of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry add a cultural note. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as a cruel, proud brother who can't forgive his sister her *mésalliance* with someone not really F.F.V., also adds a note of some kind. . . . "Wyoming," obviously less elegant, presents Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery is very healthy, you will be glad to find, and can fight Indians and be presented to General Custer, the single historical character in this modest picture. Romance—yes, romance with Wallace Beery—throbs even here, and I must say Marjorie Main gives a very pretty performance as a siren of the plains and blacksmith combined. . . . Meningitis is the malady discussed in "Dr. Kildare Goes Home," the latest of that series which must be petrifying Johns Hopkins with its revelations. No drastic changes have been made in the cast, which means that Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore pursue their usual rumpus.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU MAKE?

It is an open secret, I believe, that when it comes to revealing the more intimate aspects of people, vegetables, animals, minerals, and so on, private conversation is more rewarding than a perusal, however diligent, of the newspapers, the *World Almanac*, or *Who's Who*. I know of only one subject in the field of special, personal information that is more widely aired in the papers than in conversation—how much money people make. Because of an inhibition that may have something to do with income-tax returns but, I believe, predates the income tax, this is seldom discussed in any specific way even by the oldest and most garrulous of friends.

If I had been playing poker, charades, or The Game every Friday night for forty years with, say, Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines Corporation; Eugene G. Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel; Nicholas M. Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc.; Robert Montgomery, Frank Capra, Louis B. Mayer, Harvey D. Gibson, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Ben Hecht, I doubt whether, with the liveliest curiosity in the world, I could ever bring myself to ask, "How much dough did you boys and girls make during your last fiscal year?" I doubt still more strongly whether, if I did, I would receive anything more than evasive replies and chilling glances. Yet I can pick up the July 1, 1940, issue of the *Sun* and, with a simple flick of the wrist, find the answer, right on the financial page, next to the stock quotations—$453,440, $394,976, $275,673, $209,750, $294,166, $147,250, $133,725, $305,384, $208,767, $266,837, and $159,996, respectively.

I suppose that a lifelong frustration in this department of conversation is more than anything else responsible for the fact that I have recently been making an exhaustive study of Treasury reports on salaries and company reports filed with the SEC and released by the Stock Exchange to the papers. Be that as it may, my research in this field has led me to conclude that the day of the round-figure breadwinner making $15,000 or more a year is practically over. By round-figure breadwinner I mean a man, woman, child, or barrel-organ monkey whose salary, computed in one of three ways, can be correctly stated in round figures—specifically, in terms of $1,000 units for a yearly salary, or $100 units for a monthly salary, or $10 units for a weekly salary. I have, with one exception, confined my investigation to those making at least $15,000, because that seems to be the low for SEC salary reports and because I would have expected persons in this category to draw salaries no more irregular than, say, $230,000 a year, or, say, $11,100 a month, or (say!) $3,200 a week. Unless my memory is at fault, there was a time when most of our substantial earners were sensibly placed in one or another of these categories, generally the annual one.

Fifty thousand dollars a year was considered a good mark to shoot at when I was a boy, and the fact that this sum also represents $4,166.66⅔ a month, or $961.53 11/13 a week, does not, of course, keep it from being a rational round-figure salary, easy to roll on the tongue and enter on the income-tax report. Today, apparently, men of affairs do not shoot at $50,000, or even $75,000 or $100,000. They shoot at $54,290, $65,630, $67,960, $105,620, or $138,410. According to the SEC reports, these are the precise salaries earned in recent twelve-month periods by, respectively, P. B. Sawyer, president of the National Power & Light Company; Sosthenes Behn, president of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation; Louis Bloch, chairman of the board of the Crown Zellerbach Corporation; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., former chairman of the United States Steel Corporation; and Benjamin F. Fairless, president of U. S. Steel. These figures do not come out any rounder when computed on a monthly or a weekly basis. Mr. Sawyer made $4,524.16⅔ a month, or $1,044.03 11/13 a week; Mr. Behn, $5,469.16⅔, or $1,262.11 7/13; Mr. Bloch, $5,663.33⅓, or $1,306.92 4/13; Mr. Stettinius, $8,801.66⅔, or $2,031.15 5/13; and Mr. Fairless, $11,534.16⅔, or $2,661.73 1/13. I know that when Mr. Stettinius resigned from the Steel Corporation to join President Roosevelt's Defence Advisory Commission, newspaper editorials referred to the salary he was giving up as $100,000 a year, but $105,620 is the official SEC figure for his 1938 salary, and I am inclined to believe it. I also know about Mr. Wendell Willkie and the $75,000 a year he got from Commonwealth & Southern; this was a hangover from the old round-figure days, and the fact that Willkie has seen fit to resign from C. & S. is simply an indication of how difficult it is for a man to stick to the old order and keep his place in the business world. A $100 cut to $74,900, and Mr. Willkie would still be sitting pretty.

There may be some explanation of the jagged-figure, or fractional-unit, salary which the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* could supply, but don't tell me it is just a matter of bonuses, incentive compensation, directors' fees, or expense accounts. I have taken scrupulous care to select only figures which, according to the *Sun*, relate specifically to salaries. "R. F. Bessinger, president of Brunswicke-Balke-Colender Company," the *Sun* stated in June, "was paid $28,810 in salary, by the parent company, in 1939. J. O. Matteson, vice-president, received $25,303." R. F. *Bensinger*, president of the *Brunswick*-Balke-*Collender* Company, is what the paper meant, of course, but I cannot believe it mistakenly said $28,810 for $28,000 or $25,303 for $25,000. Nor do I think there can be any error about such other 1939 salaries as $22,895 for G. W. Vaughan, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation; $23,314 for William S. Menden, president of the New York Rapid Transit Corporation; $40,040 for Arthur O'Keefe, president of First National Stores; $138,919 for J. Spencer Love, president of the Burlington Mills Corporation; and $549,999 for C. J. Symington, president of the Symington-Gould Corporation. Mr. Symington was perhaps deliberately avoiding setting himself up as a $550,000-a-year man, on the theory that such an income might nowadays be considered ostentatious; it is nice to think of him coming home some evening in a period when retrenchment is less fashionable than it is today and saying to his wife, "Darling, just think! The stockholders have voted me a ten-per-cent raise, and you know what *that* means—$54,999.90 more a year, $4,583.32½ more every month, and $1,057.69 1/26 extra each week—before I pay my taxes, of course."

In closing, I regret to state that the Woolworth Company, an outfit which runs a number of stores on a sensible system of prices, is no bet-

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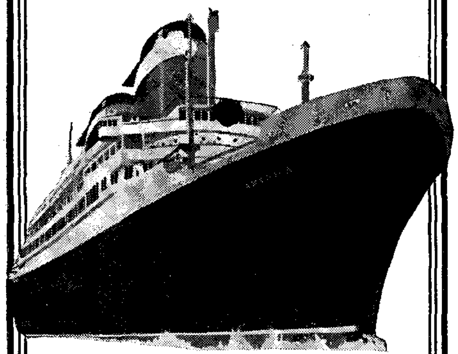

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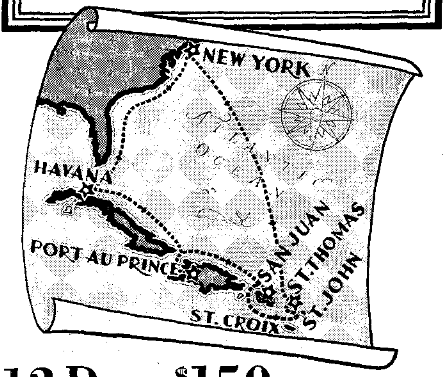

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ter than any other corporation when it comes to rewarding its high-priced help. Last year its Mr. R. W. Weber, assistant treasurer and director, received a salary of $\$33,821$, or $\$650.40\frac{5}{13}$ a week. Mr. Weber also got a $48,367 bonus, but he could hardly count on this until the end of the year, and I like to reflect on his state of mind as he embarks on a two-week vacation, a check for $\$1,300.80\frac{10}{13}$ in his jeans. Suppose, like any thoughtful assistant treasurer, he has a budget which provides that one-fourth of his salary go toward rent. Does he enter a summer hotel and ask for rooms for his family costing $\$23.24\frac{3}{13}$ a day? The position of Mr. R. H. Strongman, Woolworth executive-office representative and one of the few round-figure men I found, is even more perplexing, or was in 1939. In that year, Mr. Strongman received a salary of $1 and an $80,617 bonus. The fix of a man with a salary of one and twelve-thirteenths cents a week who cannot know what his bonus is going to be is not one I care to contemplate. Mr. Strongman may have some sort of regular income from a trust fund or a stationery shop which he owns on the side, but this is hardly any of Woolworth's business. In the interest of employee peace of mind, I think, the least his company could do would be to raise him to two cents a week, or $1.04 a year, thus putting him in the same kind of irregular annual-salary class as the big shots, bolstering up his ego, and making it possible for his wife to know where she stands when she goes out to do the marketing.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

PLEL-MLEL

BATH FLUL OF EXCITEMENT
KEY BREAKS IN DOOR AND WOMAN SCREAMS—FIREMEN TO RESCUE

HELENA, MONT. (A.P.)—This is how to take a bath without a dull moment. A Helena woman did it.—*The Times.*

Oh, baths in the buildings
Where some people dwlel
With excitement are flul,
But to my soapy clel
No fire engine's blel
Brings a thrlil;
I lie dlul
As a derelict hlul
O'er which hovers the glul,
Of joy void and nlul
As Ferdie the Blul
Without flowers to smlel.
And yet—who can tlel?—
It's perhaps just as wlel!

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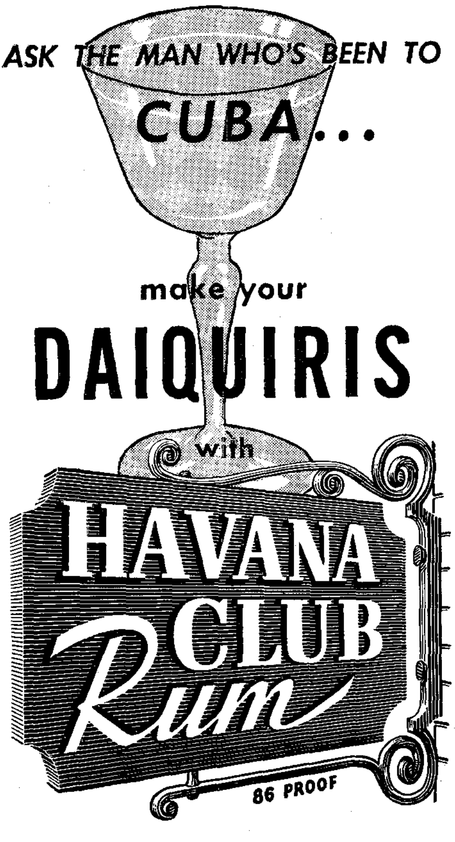

Here's the RECIPE for a Daiquiri Cocktail as made at the Havana Club Bar, Havana, Cuba. 2 ounces Havana Club Rum (White), 1 teaspoonful sugar, juice of ½ lime, cracked ice. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.
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BOOKS

Chiefly War

"THERE are events which are so great that if a writer has participated in them his obligation is to try to write them truly rather than assume the presumption of altering them with invention. It is events of this importance that have produced Regler's book." So writes Ernest Hemingway in his magnificent preface to Gustav Regler's "The Great Crusade," sensitively translated by Whittaker Chambers and Barrows Mussey. Yes, this is another book about the Spanish Civil War, and perhaps the truest of them. For a time it looked as though the cometary pace of history would soon date such books, but now a clearer perspective is emerging and we are beginning to see (what the French and the English did not see) that the Spanish War was the first great battle of a conflict that may last a generation. It also marked the first great defeat for the forces now rallying to the defence of civilization.

Viewed in this light, Regler's harsh, unsparing chronicle of blood, guns, and death has considerable documentary importance. His story concerns the International Brigade, of which he was Commissar: its heroism, its internal disunity, its emotional confusions, its advance toward a real understanding of what it was fighting. The narrative is not always clear, for Regler assumes, it seems to me, that the reader has a great deal of military knowledge, but parts of it are moving and all of it seems true and uncamouflaged. He does not ignore the incompetence among the anti-Fascist forces, the treachery, the stupidity. But he sees beyond these facts. He makes you feel that the war unsuccessfully waged by Spain against Hitler and Mussolini was more than a war. "It was a question of the decency of the world."

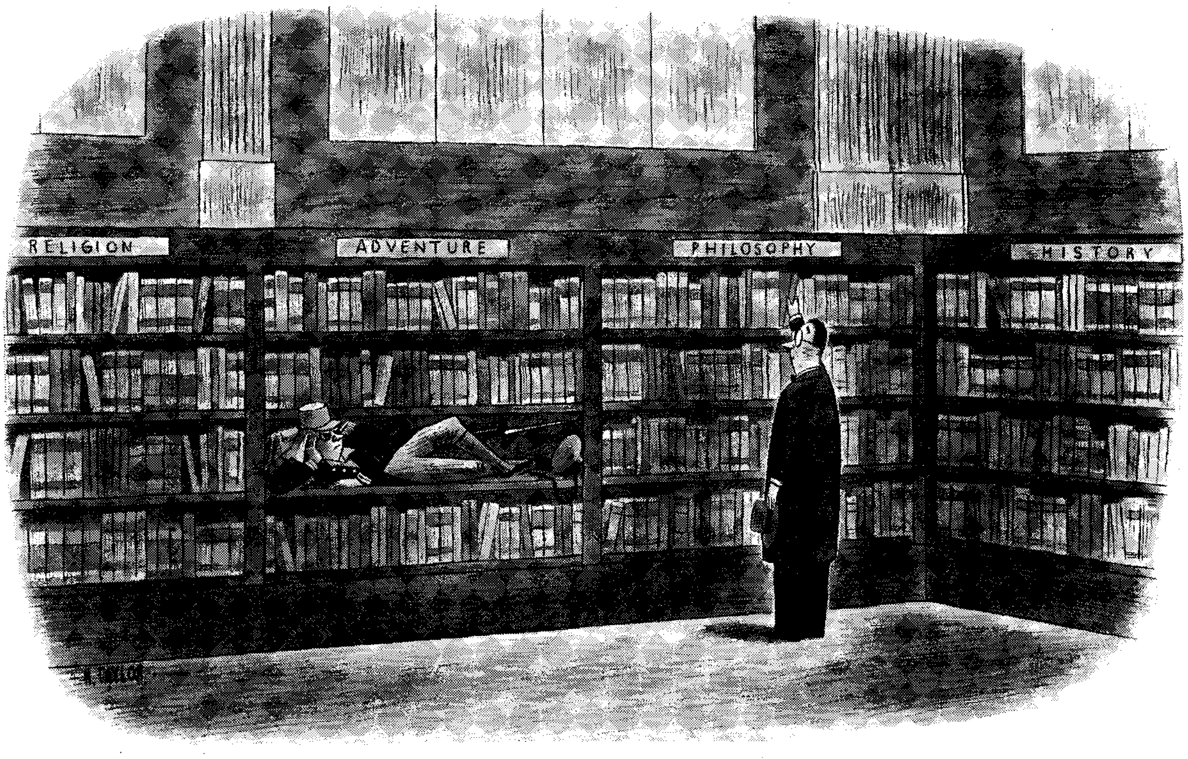
UPON the heels of fact, fiction follows all too fast. Nevil Shute has already transferred some of the more exciting and less bloodcurdling aspects of the air war into a plausible yarn called "Landfall." Mr. Shute, by trade an aeronautical engineer, injects into his story of the R.A.F. just the right amount of technical atmosphere. In fact, the atmosphere *is* the book, for the amiable love story threading it functions merely as an obvious, harmless sop to the conventions. The nub of "Landfall" lies in the careful, engrossing account of the way in which the heroic British fliers work: the minute charting by air of the movements of all Channel ships, the bombing of a German submarine, the testing of new modes of winged destruction, the night flights over German cities. Along with this goes a study of the new spirit, morale, viewpoint—call it what you will—now developing in the Air Force. What H. G. Wells has been saying for twenty years is clearly coming true: the world's immediate future lies in the hands of the airmen. Mr. Shute's fliers, not in the least idealized, have a forward-looking quality to their minds, just as his Navy men, for all their virtues, seem mired in the past. The two attitudes are subtly but frankly exposed.

As for the plot, it has to do with a young R.A.F. flier who sinks a submarine that—so his superiors think—is British. It all comes out pat in the end, with a pleasant girl named Mona setting things to rights. The narrative mechanism is smooth and doesn't get in the way of the book's real movement.

Mr. Shute, if one must characterize him, recalls in a mild way the early H. G. Wells. His talents combine those of the taleteller, the visionary, and the engineer.

SPEAKING of Wells, the old master bobs up again this week with an earnest tract for the times, "Babes in the Darkling Wood." In a forceful introduction, Wells defends the novel of dialogue, of fictionized argument, against practically every charge except that of dullness. Not that all of "Babes in the Darkling Wood" is dull; indeed, the final sections, which outline the kind of air-policed world that should follow the current holocaust, are fascinating and show that Wells is still a neat hand—perhaps the neatest—with Utopias. But there are many pages in which the serious young hero and heroine hold forth on free love, religion, education, and so forth, in a manner which may be exhaustive but is certainly hard to take. All these matters are discussed in the light, or rather the darkness, of 1939 and 1940.

There is nothing Wells' enlightened young couple say with which any decent-minded, intelligent person would disagree, and yet the couple themselves are such confounded little prigs that every idea they produce seems to lose some of its virtue as soon as uttered. As a char-



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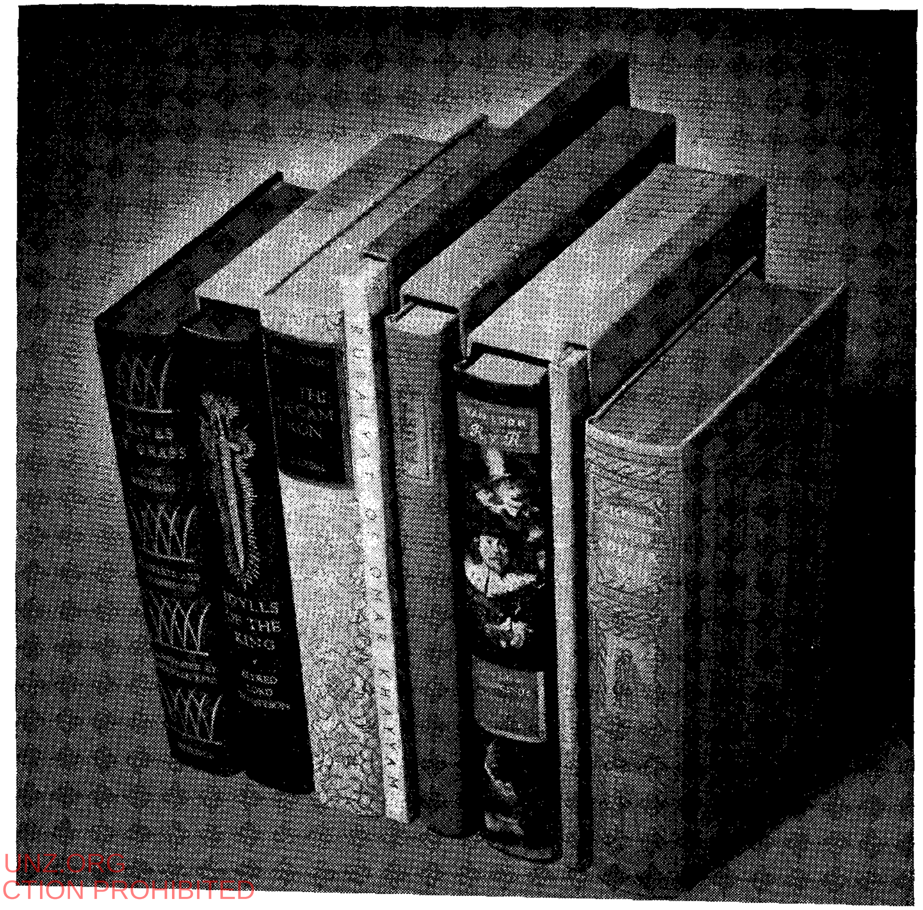

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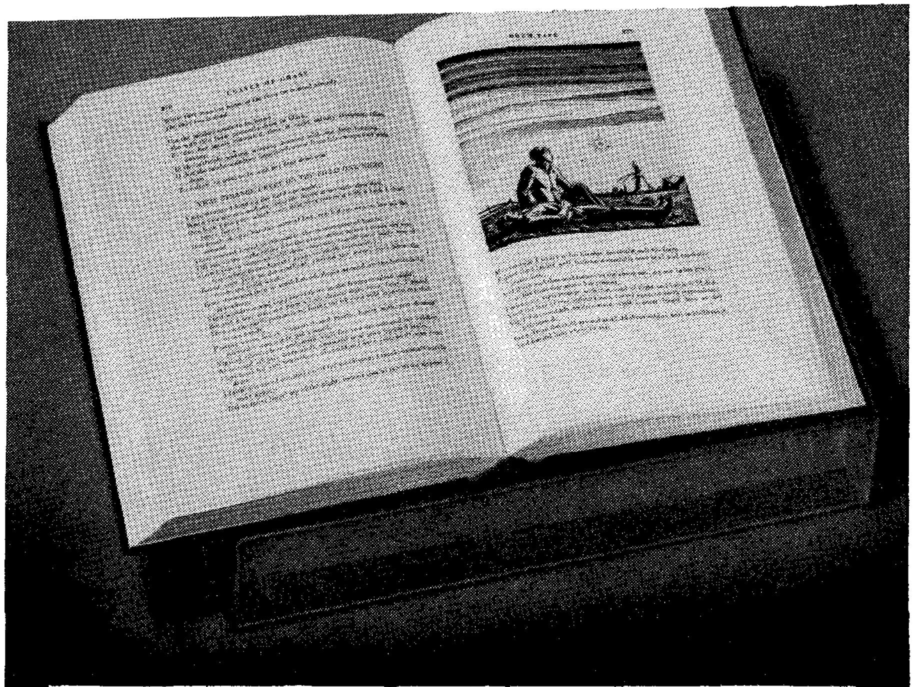

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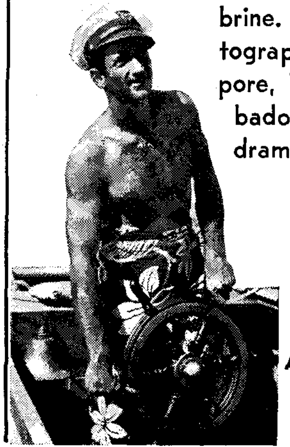

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acter, Wells is so much more plausible and attractive than any of his loquacious puppets that it is a pity he didn't work out this new book as a straight, unashamed monologue.

By the way, the jacket announces that "what Dante's 'Divine Comedy' was for the Middle Ages, 'Babes in the Darkling Wood' is for our time." I believe this sets a new high in wishful blurbing.

JEROME WEIDMAN, who not long ago wrote a couple of brutal and comic novels about the garment industry, has done himself a My-Trip-Around-the-World (he calls it "Letter of Credit") and may now settle back comfortably to write fiction again. He left the Bronx in April, 1939, and returned in October. Hence what he saw was humanity on the brink of disaster. The brinkish feeling, as one might expect, is in his book, but its value lies rather in his sharp, humorous observation of not especially important people and the rueful comedy Mr. Weidman extracts from his own small adventures.

Mr. Weidman is naïve and not afraid to say so; he will tell you all about a "Dutch wife" in cheerful ignorance of the fact that the information has been a minor staple of all books about the East even before the Maugham era. But this youthful innocence has its charm, a kind of zest that informs the whole record. I liked "Letter of Credit" a great deal.

"TO THE FINLAND STATION" is a "study in the writing and acting of history." Edmund Wilson, one of our most disciplined social and literary critics, traces the European revolutionary tradition from the birth of its theory in Vico and Michelet, through its decline in Renan, Taine, and Anatole France, its socialistic career with Babeuf, Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Owen, its theoretical apogee in Marx and Engels, its anarchist deviation in Bakunin, and its activist phase in Lenin and Trotsky. Sobriety and absence of dogmatism illumine this work, which will not please mechanical Marxists, if any are left. The advent of Hitler, however, seems to truncate the book. The Finland Station, at which Lenin arrived after his trip through Ger-

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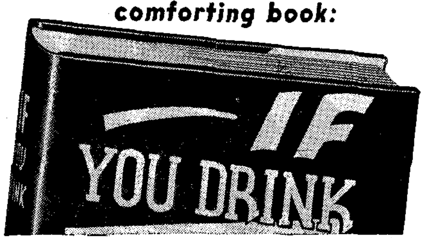

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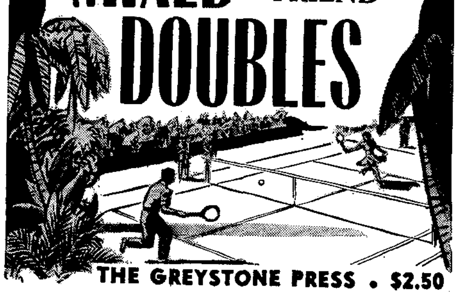

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many, was not the end but apparently the beginning of something, and that something does not cast even a shadow on Mr. Wilson's pages.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PASS THROUGH MANHATTAN, by Richard Wormser. A moral tale about a crosstown bus buried under an avalanche of wood and snow while going through the Central Park underpass. In the bus are a tired débutante, a hospital nurse without a diploma, a slick little social climber, a Negro policeman, a good German *Hausfrau*—the usual variety in buses, and in novels of this sort. Told in good New Yorkese, and very readable.

THE GHOSTLAND, by Fred Rothermell. Put a family of down-on-their-luck Brooklynites on a farm in the drought-ridden Ozarks, and see what happens. Although they own the land and a few poor animals, they find it difficult to get enough to eat, the primitive farm life is strange to them, their attempts to organize a petition to the government for relief are put down by violence. A rather grim story, in fact, with nothing but family solidarity to lighten the gloom.

THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR, by David H. Keller, illustrated by Gregor Duncan. A modern fairy story. Once there was a jolly little doctor, very wise, who wanted to build a stone fence on the right sort of farm with the right sort of wife. And who, children, do you think gave him his wish? It was the Devil! Mr. Keller makes it all sound pleasantly improbable, but he has included many realistic touches.

STEPS OF THE SUN, by Emily Hahn. The romance of an American girl and a Chinese gentleman and scholar. The American hostess who thinks China is adorable, the professional Chinese who are willing to put on a show for a foreigner—Miss Hahn satirizes them all, and gives in the bargain a fresh and interesting picture of the Chinese life that lies behind the show.

HOLD BACK THE DAWN, by Ketti Frings. South of the border, down Tijuana way, it seems there are a group of unhappy Europeans with just one idea: to get their American visas. Mrs. Frings tells affectingly of their loves, hates, disappointments, and their solitary hope.

HEAVEN'S DOORYARD, by Marguerite

TALENTED YOUNG AMERICAN

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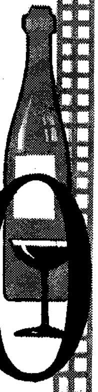
stirred discoverers to enthusiasm with *Wait Until Spring, Bandini.* Now he confirms his national reputation with this boy's-eye view of a tremendously vital family. It is to be chuckled over and re-read aloud for its homely, genial good spirits. *Ill.* $2.50. *Viking.*

DAGO RED



The racy history of "Little Boy Peep" and the keyhole journalism he created.

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY has painted a candid portrait of the man who respects only the first syllable of "privacy." This intimate picture of Walter Winchell, elaborated from the six-part *New Yorker* profile, illuminates as well the Prohibition and gangster era, and highlights a phase of newspaper development apparently dedicated to the theory, "if it's news it's fit to print." If you are curious about the customs and standards of our age and its journalism you will relish this inside story of a behind-the-scenes career. *Viking.* $1.75

GOSSIP

The Life and Times of WALTER WINCHELL

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DAGO RED, by John Fante. Not quite a novel, not quite short stories, this is a sort of family portrait in the form of recollections of an Italian childhood in Denver. Mr. Fante is very skillful at describing the warmth and color of life as it is lived by Italian immigrants.

HE AND HIS, by Reginald Carter. A Victorian novel of manners, remarkable for its recreation of a period. Shrewd, carefully observed, full of interesting and believable persons. A clever and amusing imitation of the best early-nineteenth-century novelists.

GENERAL

HUGH YOUNG: A SURGEON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Dr. Young, famous as the head of the James Buchanan (Diamond Jim) Brady Urological Institute in Baltimore, is one of the great urologists of the world. His story, artlessly set down, will be of extreme interest to physicians and of moderate interest to the layman. The drawings, by William P. Didusch, are extraordinarily graphic.

FREEDOM, planned and edited, with a prologue, by Ruth Nanda Anshen. Lots of hard thinking about the keystone of democracy, and what it means to us, in a symposium comprising forty-three generally admirable essays —all but five of which were prepared for this volume—by such historians, scientists, or philosophers as Croce, Whitehead, Mann, Russell, Salvemini, Haldane, Dewey, Hu Shih, and Bergson.

GROWING PAINS, by Wanda Gág. The artist's diaries and drawings for the years 1908-1917. A naïve, charming record of the adolescence and young womanhood of an American artist before and during the first World War. Many plates and sketches. Foreword by Carl Zigrosser.

REPORT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by William C. Bullitt. Text of the brief speech delivered this summer by the American Ambassador to France at Independence Hall, in which he warns us that we are "in as great peril today as was France a year ago."

TOTAL DEFENSE, by Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. Two im-

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The Buckeye Country, by Harlan Hatcher. Lively cultural history of the State of Ohio and the men and women who created it, beginning with the author's ancestors and including almost everybody, from Blennerhassett and Johnny Appleseed to John D. Rockefeller and Warren G. Harding. Illustrated.

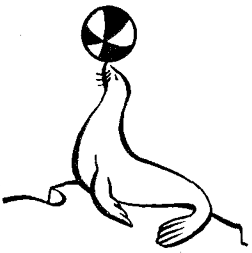
Diplomatically Speaking, by Lloyd C. Griscom. Mr. Griscom has served as American diplomatic representative in England, Turkey, Persia, Japan, Brazil, Italy, and France. A graceful and often witty book.

Spy and Counterspy, by Emanuel Victor Voska and Will Irwin. Mr. Voska's adventures (you may have encountered them in the *Saturday Evening Post*) as head of the Czech counter-espionage service in America during the last war, including stories about the Black Tom explosion, the Archibald affair, and other famous cases.

My Shadow in the Sun, by Frances Davis. Something very special in the way of foreign correspondents' memoirs: a girl reporter from Boston who covered the Spanish Civil War on Franco's side gives us what is probably the most intimate and sensitive account so far of American correspondents, including herself, at work in Europe. Rather naïve, but swift, superior writing.

Voice from England, by Robert Westerby. A young English novelist, waiting to be called up for service, ponders the changes that have come over himself and his country since the war began. He thinks the British will win but that they won't know what to do with the peace.

Race, by Ruth Benedict. One of our foremost anthropologists explains what is known about race and examines the theory of racial superiority as a new pretext for the old forms of persecution. She thinks that the cure



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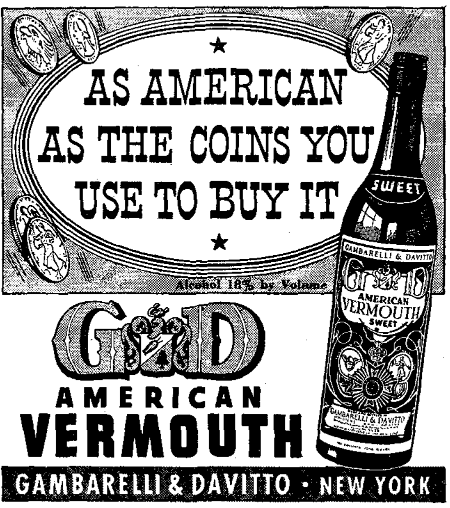

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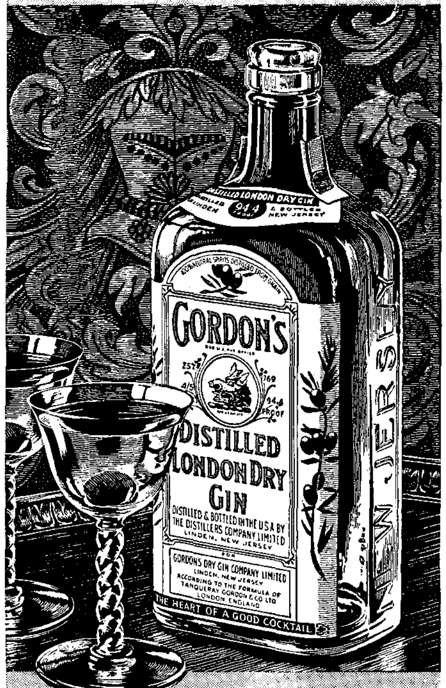

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THE SCULPTURES OF MICHELANGELO, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. Another Phaidon Press book, and beautifully done, as always. The photographs, large in scale and precise in detail, make the sculptures look almost more magniloquent and melodramatic than they are in actuality.

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THE MCKENNEYS CARRY ON, by Ruth McKenney. Perhaps you already know the author and her sister Eileen. In these fourteen stories, six of them reprinted from *The New Yorker*, the McKenneys are forced to cope with Dickens, Indians, pickles, couturiers, and falling bloomers. They do.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THIS DEATH WAS MURDER, by March Evermay. March Evermay outdoes herself in this new Inspector Glover story. The Inspector is no flatfoot and March Evermay is no slouch at writing. Very definitely recommended.

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, by Elizabeth Daly. Henry Gamadge, book, manuscript, and autograph expert, travels from New York to Maine to help his old friend State Detective Mitchell solve the poisoning of several children and the death of a state trooper. Good atmosphere and interesting plots within plots in this one, with a solution on the fantastic side.

FUGITIVE FROM MURDER, by H. V. Heberden. Desmond Shannon, private investigator, drinks his way through trouble and some refined Spanish torture to the end of this tale, which is a blending of gangster story and orthodox mystery. Fine nightcap for the bloodthirsty.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Outside the fort's main entrance, there is a junk pile of tin cans and hundreds of mineral water bottles. Nearby is a football field littered with tiny bits of shrapnel. In one of the machine-gun nests stands compiled by Gen. Rodolfo Corselli for the spiritual benefit of the Italian troops in Cyrenaica. "Discipline and the spirit of a rickety kitchen chair in a scattering of used bullet casings.

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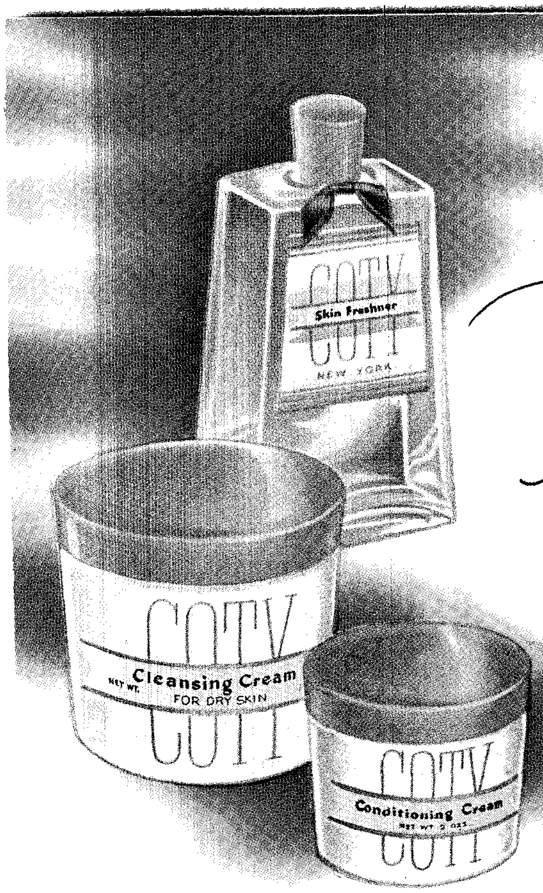
COTY
Skin Freshner
COTY
NEW YORK
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NET WT.
Cleansing Cream
FOR DRY SKIN
COTY
COTY
Conditioning Cream
NET WT. 2 OZS.
COTY

The Simple Life in beauty care!

NOW Coty offers you streamlined beauty care! The laboratories that have given you such exciting developments as "Air-Spun" Powder, now offer a complete new beauty regime . . . designed to make your daily care quick, simple, "modern." • The three basic preparations are: Cleansing Cream, $1, $1.50 and $2.50; Skin Freshner, $1 and $1.50; Conditioning Cream, $1 and $1.75. • Coty makes no exaggerated claims, no rash promises for these preparations. We offer you the finest of quality that money can buy and leave it to your own good judgment to evaluate the results . . . .

Sub-Tint
MEDIUM

NEW! COTY SUB-TINT — a silky color base, Coty-scented . . . and tinted to blend with "Air-Spun" Powder. It lends your skin the soft, mat finish of dewy velvet . . . $1.

ALSO NEW! Foundation Cream, $1. Foundation Lotion, $1 and $1.50. Creamy Hand Lotion, $1. Coty Mascara in black, blue, and brown, $1. Coty Eye Shadow in blue, brown, gray, green and violet, $1. Eye Cream, $1 and $1.50. Cream Rouge, $1, in light, Magnet Red, medium and dark.

Coty

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.

of the "Carrolls of Carrollton" and a direct descendant of Francis Scott Key

"The thing I like best about Camels is their taste —so mild, yet so full of flavor."

A TRUE AMERICAN, young Mrs. Carroll has a great pride in family heritage and a warm love of gracious living. She is the great-great-granddaughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and she is married to a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

• • •

A cup and saucer that once belonged to that illustrious Carroll ancestor appear in the portrait. Mrs. Carroll, as usual, is smiling as she smokes. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. Camels never tire my taste."

• • •

At "Homewood," the small family estate near Baltimore, Maryland, Mrs. Carroll raises dogs, tries her hand at farming, entertains with outdoor suppers. She says:

• • •

"When I entertain, I always have Camels handy. They're the favorite cigarette of so many of my friends. As for me—well, Camels suit me down to the ground. A really fine cigarette—milder, cooler, and with much more flavor!"

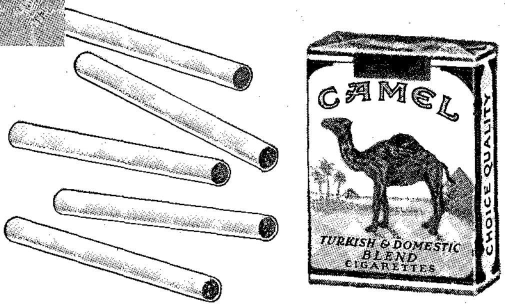
"Those Camel 'extras' mean a lot to the pleasure of smoking," says Mrs. Carroll. Among the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York* • Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston* • Miss Polly Peabody, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati* • Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels